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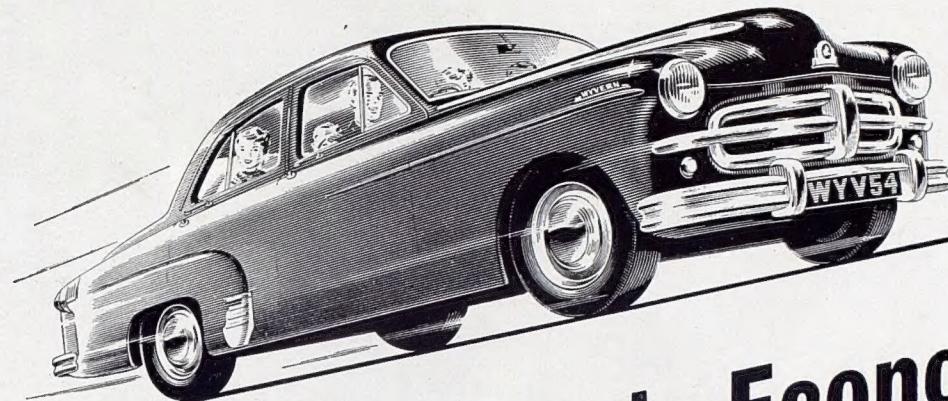
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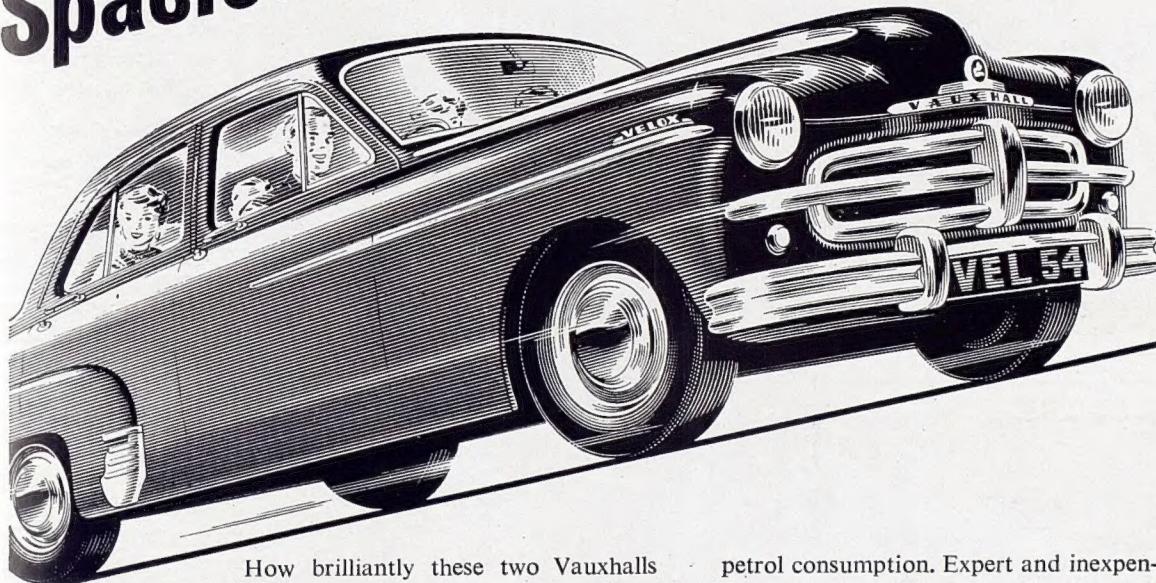
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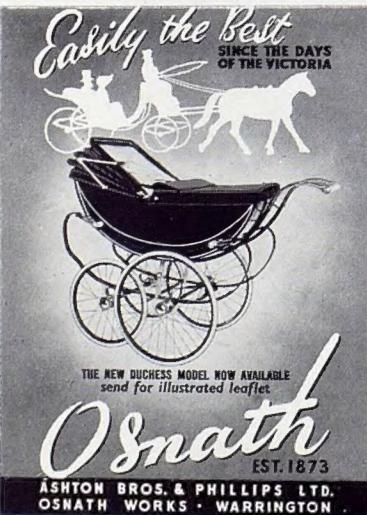


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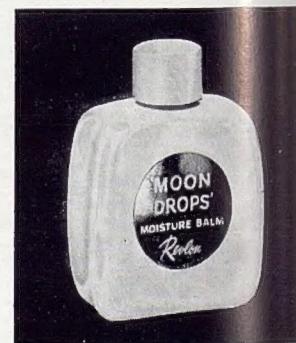
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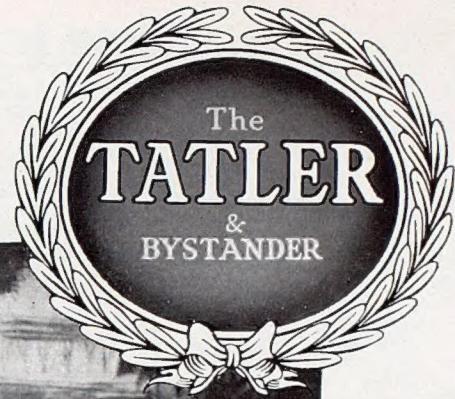
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Armstrong Jones

DAUGHTER OF A Q.C. WILL MAKE HER DÉBUT

MISS SUSIE CLARK, younger daughter of Sir Andrew Clark, Bt., M.B.E., M.C., Q.C., and Lady Clark, makes her début this year and is to have a coming-out ball at Hutchinson House on July 8 with more than 800 guests. She is at present finishing in Paris and after her first season hopes to read literature and history at Oxford



On the terrace at *Bali-Hai*, the *Lyford Cay* home of Mrs. W. R. G. Holt, who also has a house in Montreal, were (behind) Miss Leueen MacGrath, the actress, and Mrs. Holt, and (in front) Miss Eileen Karri-Davies, Lady Ennisdale, Mrs. Albert E. Worswick of Palm Beach and Nassau, and Lord Ennisdale



Earl and Countess Beauchamp were the guests of Sir Victor Sassoon, Bt., who was host at *Victorholm*, Nassau



At their charming residence, *Tamarind*, were Sir Francis and Lady Peek. He takes an active interest in the development of the Bahamas



Princess Radziwill was out for a walk with her son John. The Princess has a house at Nassau and is an annual visitor during the winter months



The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Ranfurly, Governor and C.-in-C. of the Bahamas, in the grounds of Government House with the Countess



Sir John Carden, Lady Carden and their daughter, Isabel. She is the sister-in-law of M. Bianchi, former Chilean Ambassador in London



Among the audience at the opening of the season at the British Colonial Playhouse, Nassau, were Mr. Alexander Harris, of New York, Mrs. J. Roland Robinson, wife of Mr. Roland Robinson, M.P., Mrs. W. George Elcock, the Hon. John Coventry, Mrs. Coventry and Mrs. Alexander Harris

Social Journal

The Party Scene In New York

NASSAU.—I am writing now in the warm sun of the Bahamas. Long stretches of silver sand fringed with palm trees lie on each side while ahead is the deepest blue and emerald sea imaginable. How amazing it is that even in midwinter you can reach this paradise overnight. There are two alternate air routes, one via Bermuda and the other from Nassau to Montego Bay, or overnight from London to New York on the March service. At New York the Nassau plane leaves at 11 a.m. arriving in time for tea. Both are B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser services with comfortable sleeping arrangements. I chose the second route and broke my journey in New York for five days to see friends.

The transatlantic flight was wonderful. We left London on what was described as the coldest day for many years, with a strong easterly gale blowing. The pilot, Capt. Howard, who told me he had been flying this route for over seven years, set a northerly course over Belfast and so to Goose Bay. Here we stopped to refuel; then with a tail wind set off again within an hour, and arrived at Idlewild Airport, New York, three-quarters of an hour ahead of schedule. I, like many others, had enjoyed a good night's sleep in a comfortable berth arriving rested and ready for a very full day.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE I speak of Nassau, a word about New York. It was cold, crisp and sunny, much warmer than London, and the city was very gay. Shops were packed, hotels booked up, and theatre tickets for any of the current successes were at a premium. Among the latter were *Almanac* in which Hermione Gingold has made such a hit, *Can-Can* with music by Cole Porter, the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical comedy *Me And Juliet*, the comedy *Sabrina Fair* in which Margaret Sullavan, Joseph Cotten and Cathleen Nesbitt play the leading roles, *Tea And Sympathy* starring Deborah Kerr, and *Kind Sir* with Mary Martin and Charles Boyer. Everyone was excitedly awaiting the opening of T. S. Eliot's play

The Confidential Clerk which Henry Sherek was presenting in New York a few days later.

I managed to fit in a luncheon party, two cocktail parties, supper at Pierre's and the Twenty One Club, and several calls during my brief stay. The luncheon party was at the ever-fashionable Pavilion where my hostess was Mrs. Henry Howard who had motored in from Newport, Rhode Island, where she and her husband, who is a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, have a delightful home. Her other guests included Mrs. Lee Messmore, whose husband is head of Knoedlers Art Gallery and like his wife has many friends in England, and Mrs. Hoffman Clink.

MRS. HOWARD was telling us about the shop which the Hon. Francis de Moleyns and Lady Ross of Balnagown have opened in New York. Here they specialize in selling authentic "Crest neckties" for anyone of Irish origin. As a Scotsman can buy his tartan, so the Irishman can buy his old family crest woven into a tie, scarf, or any suitable sundry. Lunching there, too, I met Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, and at another table Señor Don Tristan de Aviles of the Ecuadorian Embassy in London, who told me he was on his way to South America. I had a pleasant short visit to Mrs. Gilbert Miller in her Park Avenue apartment, which she has recently redecorated. She was expecting the Duchess of Argyll to stay a few days later. Mrs. Miller told me she hopes to open their house in Hill Street this summer, if they can get it ready in time. This was the Millers' London home before the war.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the cocktail parties I went to was given by the Comtesse d'Arnaux in honour of Baron and Baronne Alain de Rothschild who were spending a couple of weeks in New York. Here, those I met included Sir Michael Duff who told me he was on his way to Texas to see some of the oilfields, and Mrs. Beatrice Eden, very good-looking in black, who is coming over to England this summer, her first visit to her home country for three years. Mrs. Holwell Howard who was hoping to take her children to Wengen to ski a few weeks later, Mr. Dan Rasmussen the

painter, Comte and Comtesse de la Garde, Mrs. Henry Hyde and Mrs. Wallis who is still perhaps better remembered in London and Paris as Diana Esmond, were other guests. Mrs. Wallis's husband, I heard, is having an exhibition of his paintings in London soon.

In the Cotillion Room at the Pierre, where red and white curtains hang at the high windows against deep blue walls, I watched a cabaret given by two clever dancers, Mata and Hari, and enjoyed a delicious supper. Here I met Colonel Stuart Don, whose many English friends, both in London and the hunting world, will be delighted to hear that he and his charming wife and their three children are returning to live in England next summer. The following evening at the Twenty One Club, I saw Mr. "Piggy" Warburg and his lovely wife. He was for a long time in London when he was personal assistant to Mr. Lewis Douglas at the U.S. Embassy. They were going to Florida the following day and had the Alain de Rothschilds with them.

Miss Irene Durlacher was also having supper there with Mr. Vernon Crudge. They had both been to the lecture given by Sir Edmund Hillary on the ascent of Everest, which was drawing big audiences. Miss Durlacher, who is working on Sir Gladwyn Jebb's staff at the U.N. Headquarters, is going to the British Embassy in Paris to work for him when he takes up his appointment as British Ambassador to France. She hopes, she told me, to spend at least a month in England before she goes to Paris.

Jennifer

★ ★ ★

NEXT day, fellow passengers on the plane to Nassau included Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley who have let their house at Nassau this year and were going to stay at the British Colonial Hotel, and Lady Kemsley's daughter Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander who was to be a guest, firstly of Princess Radziwill and later of Sir Francis and Lady Peek. Mr. Malcolm McAlpine, who had come from a business trip to Canada, was on his way to join his wife and two young sons, who had been staying since Christmas with his parents Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine at their home.

Also on the plane were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cullman with their three-year-old son, who were on their way to Marion House, which they had taken for a month. Mr. Cullman, who among his many activities is head of the Port of New York Authority, was hoping, he told me, to take a quiet holiday in the sunshine there.

★ ★ ★

ARRIVING in Nassau, my first impression was of the great development that has taken place in the past two years. Houses and large buildings have gone up in large numbers, gardens with trees and sweet-scented, brilliant coloured tropical flowers have been laid out, a big new hotel with 300 air-conditioned bedrooms is under construction, and even Bay Street has new shops and buildings. But the charm of the island remains.

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Munroe were staying at their Cable Beach, Nassau, home—Munroe House. Their other home is in Monaco.



Lady Ralph Edwards, Mrs. Allan Noble and Mrs. Max-Muller. The concert is in aid of the National Poliomyelitis Research



Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills. The concert will take place at the Royal Festival Hall



Mrs. John Ward, Lord Plunket and Mr. John Grigg were laughing at the speech given by Mr. Hector Bolitho, the historian



The Earl of Westmorland, chairman of the organizing committee, with the host, H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera



Mr. Ralph Cobbold, the Countess of Westmorland and Mr. Franz Osborn, the celebrated pianist who will be the soloist

AT THE SPANISH EMBASSY an encouraging committee meeting was held to settle details of a concert on March 8, which Princess Margaret has promised to attend

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

The Gay Enchantments Of Nassau

There are still the open-air markets displaying local handicrafts, numerous horse-drawn vehicles take visitors slowly around the place, mingling with the latest Jaguars and Cadillacs, and there are miles of unspoilt beaches of silvery sand along the seafront.

Everywhere there is an air of prosperity. The native inhabitants all look happy, well fed and extremely well clothed, houses are let, hotels full, the shops do a brisk trade, and parking space in the town is as big a problem as in any of our cities. Everything is done for the comfort and enjoyment of visitors, who come from all parts of the world and are the greatest source of income to this little haven in the West Atlantic.

★ ★ ★

I FOUND the usual round of luncheon parties, cocktail parties, and dinner parties which always form part of the season. The new Governor, the Earl of Ranfurley, and his wife who only arrived just before Christmas, have so far done little private entertaining. Much of their time has been taken up with official engagements. General Sir John and Lady Marriott and Lady Baden-Powell, head of the International Girl Guides, have been among their guests staying at Government House. Lady Baden-Powell had flown over from Florida to inspect the Nassau branch of the Girl Guides which number 500 or 600. At the end of that week His Excellency and Lady Ranfurly went off by air on a three-day visit to Abaco, one of the outer islands, where an ambitious agricultural plan is being inaugurated. They were accompanied on the trip by several members of their staff and Mr. Jimmy James, H.M. Commissioner for the Outer Islands.

★ ★ ★

ON my first evening in Nassau I went to two cocktail parties, one given by the American Consul and Mrs. Hartwell Johnson at Bally Crystal and another by Mr. Harold Christie at his house near the sea, Breezy Ridge. Mrs. Johnson, who wore a white dress, stood with her husband and her sister-in-law Mrs. William Johnson, who was in blue, receiving the guests. They included many officers from two U.S. ships, and one of the Royal Navy, which were in port. These sailors were delighted to meet a very charming lady who had for many years been connected with our navy. This was the Dowager Countess Jellicoe, widow of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Jellicoe, who was Commander-in-Chief

of the British Grand Fleet from 1914-16, when he became First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff. Lady Jellicoe, who is an enthusiastic traveller, told me how much she was enjoying her stay at the Balmoral Country Club.

Lord and Lady Ennisdale, who were going on to Jamaica later, came to this party with their hostess Mrs. Worswick, who had given what I heard was a most enjoyable party in their honour the previous evening. The Lord Chief Justice of the Bahamas was there with Mrs. Henderson and their daughter, Jane, who is having her wedding in Nassau on March 1. Mrs. Roland Robinson came on her own as her husband, who is M.P. for South Blackpool, had returned to Westminster to fulfil his duties when Parliament reassembled. He will fly out again to join her at their delightful house on Prospect Ridge during the Easter recess.

Sir Oswald and Lady Bancroft and Sir Duncan and Lady Cumming were other guests enjoying this party. Sir Duncan, who was formerly Chief Administrator in Eritrea, and Lady Cumming are living in Nassau while he supervises the construction of one of its biggest buildings. Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt came in from their home next door, which is one of the most beautiful on the island. They are both very hospitable and entertain a succession of friends all the season, then come to England for three or four months during each summer.

HIS sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Holt, whose late husband owned Bally Crystal where she lived until quite recently, was also at the party and later went on, like many of the other guests, to Mr. Harold Christie's.

Here I met Countess Beauchamp, who with Earl Beauchamp had come out to Nassau by sea and were staying with Sir Victor Sassoon, who has had a big interest in the development of Nassau in the past few years. Another guest who has been staying with Sir Victor is Air Marshal Sir John Tremayne, who had come out from his old family home, Croan, in Cornwall. Both he and Sir Victor are enthusiasts for underwater spear fishing, a sport they were able to enjoy around Nassau.

MR. and MRS. Tony Riggs had flown over from Palm Beach with her mother, Mrs. Mitchell, for the Christie party and Mrs. Worswick's party the previous evening. Sir Harold and Lady Graham-Hodgson came to Breezy Ridge with Mrs. Bernard Sunley, whose husband bought Caprice, one of the biggest houses on Cable Beach, from Sir Henry Price about a year ago. Mrs. Sunley later gave a

farewell cocktail party there for the Graham-Hodgsons, who then left to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Glen Stewart for a few days fishing at their cottage near Rose Harbour before returning to England.

* * *

NEXT Sunday I spent with Mrs. Robert Holt at her lovely seaside home Bali-H'ai at Lyford Cay about twenty miles from town. This is one of the most colourful and cleverly planned informal homes on the island and is always full of weekend guests, as Mrs. Holt who spends part of each year in New York and at her home in Montreal is a very kind and hospitable person with a host of friends everywhere.

Her Sunday luncheon parties out at Lyford Cay are a feature of life on Nassau. Guests arrive around midday and bathe before lunch, which usually takes place in an enchanting rustic chalet thatched with palm and open all round, so that everyone can enjoy the magnificent view of the bay as they sit at table. Mrs. Holt is a clever hostess and there is always an original menu. On the Sunday I was there it began with fish chowder served in abalone shells which came from California. This was followed by curried spaghetti with spiced veal and mushrooms served with a green salad. To end there was a purée of guavas, or fresh native strawberries served with coconut cake, or "devil's food" with white icing.

Among the guests that day were Eunice Lady Oakes, who is one of the most able businesswomen in the world and carries on many of the vast interests of her late husband in Canada and in Nassau. The latter include the big British Colonial Hotel, one of the most luxurious hotels on either side of the Atlantic, where she now has a delightful house with a magnificent view right over the islands. Lady Oakes was sitting talking to Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine and Mr. Vyvyan Dr. who told me he was off to stay in Tobago following week.

MR. AND MRS. ALAN MILLER, who come down from their home in Philadelphia each winter to their house at Lyford Cay about a mile from Bali-H'ai, brought Gladys Countess of Ilseia and Nottingham who was staying with them, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Shirres of Cal came over from their yacht Kyanis on which they have spent five consecutive winters laid off Nassau. They always invite many to go fishing around the outer islands with Mr. Jimmy James who accompanied the former to Abaco later in the week was another at luncheon.

On the way back to town we called in to see Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone Sullivan. They had just arrived from Radnor, Pennsylvania, and were staying at North Point in the house they have taken from Major and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Lawrence who were living in their Reef Cottage, Adelphie, on the other side of the island. Mrs. Lawrence is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Iliffe, who are also out in Nassau at their house on Cable Beach, and have their very pretty daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, staying with them.

Lyford Cay is another part of the island which I noticed is developing as a residential quarter. I saw the spacious house which Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Bryce are building which promises to be most attractive, and heard that a golf course is soon to be laid out nearby. I met Mr. B. Jones the American expert on golf course construction, who was surveying both this course and one that Mr. Harold Christie told me they are hoping to have on Eleuthera Island soon.

THIE following day I lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Eric Phillips at their home right on the sea. Here I met Lady Weeks, who had been spending a fortnight with them, and was going home the following day to make plans for the wedding of her younger daughter, Venetia, who marries Lt. Peter Troubridge R.N., at St. Peter's, Eaton Square on April 10. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips have furnished their Nassau home, Pink House, Cable Beach, with several interesting pieces of Canadian furniture, including a very old refectory table which was originally in a convent.

They have a wonderful collection of pictures at their home in Toronto including several fine sketches and paintings by Augustus John, some of which they are generously sending to England for the forthcoming exhibition of that artist's work at Burlington House.



Miss Jane Ingram, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Mervyn Ingram, greeted Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Miss Anne Hopkinson, Mr. Alexander Dalgety and Mrs. C. P. Dalgety, twin sister of Mrs. Mervyn Ingram

A "PRE-SEASON" COCKTAIL PARTY was given by Mrs. Guy Cross for her granddaughter, Miss Jane Ingram, who is coming out this year and is to be presented in March, with a ball on May 25. The party was attended by many débutantes and gave them an excellent opportunity for early introductions



Among the younger guests were Miss Susan Combe, Mr. Simon Carey, Miss Teresa Crossley and Miss Tatiana Orloff



Mr. Geoffrey Cridland, Miss Bridget Ley, Miss Tea Maggi, whose home is in Italy, and Mrs. Geoffrey Cridland



Admiral Lord Mountevans, Col. Guy Cross, D.S.O., Mrs. Guy Cross, the hostess, Vice-Admiral Arthur Snagge, and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape. The party was given at Rutland Court, Kensington

Swabie



In the winter sunshine, spectators cheered Miss Croxon on Mrs. Gaskell's grey gelding, Don Isle, as she led Miss P. Rushton, riding Major H. P. Rushton's Lucky Dip, out of the last fence to the post. The event was the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies Race

VARSITY 'CHASES GAVE FIRST "OFF"

THE tapes went up on the 1954 point-to-point season at Crowell in Oxfordshire, when the Bullingdon Club held their annual steeplechases. A large crowd gathered for the afternoon—while the entries were so good that the Open event had to be run in two sections



Major A. A. Miller, joint-Master of the South Oxfordshire, chatted to Percy Catton (mounted), first whip of the S. Oxon, who was officiating at the starting gate



Mr. R. J. Berkeley—wearing unusual colours—laughed with Miss Veronica Pardoe after taking fourth place in the President's Cup on Garth Royal



Mr. Peter Comins, winner on Turkora of the President's Cup—open only to members of the Bullingdon Club—was congratulated by his sister, Miss Ancilla Comins



Miss H. Faulkner, Mr. D. J. Faulkner, who rode his bay gelding Clondenis in the President's Cup, Princess Marie-Gabrielle von Urach and Mr. A. Gilbey, met near the paddock after the race, the first of the day



Miss M. Reynolds and Miss G. Gilchrist tried to pick a winner for the Open Race, which attracted thirty-seven entries in the two sections



Mr. R. T. Whiteley, a member of the Cambridge University Polo Club, escorted Miss Jane Drummond-Hay to this well-run meeting



Lord Pakenham, Miss Diana Howard, the Hon. Thomas Pakenham, Magdalene, Mr. Teddy Hall and Miss Wendy Peters. Hon. Secretary of the occasion was Viscount Lumley, son of the Earl of Scarbrough

Desmond O'Neill

AT THE RACES

Two Horse Players

• Sabretache •

FROM Hippolytus to Aslam Khan of Lahore, and also of many other places, is a far cry; but both these gentlemen were "horse players," as the immortal Damon Runyon would have called them if he had thought about it, and, like so many other celebrities in history, they both got into a bit of bother over horses.

Probably everyone knows all about Hippolytus and his too attractive stepmother; but not so many know about Aslam Khan, because probably they have failed to recognize him under the name of Mahbub Ali, as Kipling presented him in that wonderful book *Kim*. Aslam was famous as a horse coper from Kathiawar to Kabul, and the Desert of the Red Sand to Hoti Mardan, the home of The Guides. It may be recalled that the scrum half of the Other Side nearly "got" Aslam (or Mahbub) in Lahore, when they turned on one of their ladies to make him extremely drunk, and thought about cutting his throat, but this was not before the horse-dealer had handed on that vital bit of paper containing the pedigree of "The White Stallion" to Kim to be passed on to "The Officer in Umballa," who may have been R17 or X99.

ONCE, I think, I knew his name, but no one ever mentions names of people in the Great Game because it is so exceedingly dangerous. Almost all the characters in *Kim*, and other books by Kipling, had their living counterparts. "Strickland Sahib," in another book, was Warburton, who could slip across the Frontier without even being suspected, his disguise being so excellent. One of Warburton's assistants, however, one Clough, was not so lucky. "They" got aboard the "terain" along the then continuous running-boards, into his carriage and just filleted him. After that running-boards were abolished. The interesting thing about it all is that today we have the same chaps playing the same characters as Strickland, Aslam Khan and the man in Umballa, likewise the Curio shopkeeper, the Lama, the Baboo and Co., played all those years ago by those other fellows.

INCIDENTALLY, the man who succeeded Kipling's curio shopkeeper got cold feet even before I left India. He came to Upper Tooting, and started a milk bar, or something much less exciting than his Information Bureau in Simla. He was a "horse player," and I was told that eventually he died in the odour of sanctity even though he had his little bit on the 2.30 right up to the end. It is strange how the "Playing the Ponies" habit sticks! Aslam Khan sold more racing and polo ponies to the British subaltern than any man in history. He was a Pathan of Pathans, and even if not a very clean potato, very rarely sold anyone a wrong 'un, unless his customer was so stupid as to think that he knew more than that old frontier tribesman.

Amusing, and perhaps exciting, days upon which to look back, but nothing has changed really very much, for someone will always try to be a bit cleverer than someone else so long as the sun, moon and stars endure.

★ ★ ★

P.S.—The market on the Double, which concerns such a lot of us, seems to be taking definite shape, and I still think that Swashbuckler for the first, and last year's winner for the second, is the best combination.





FLUTTERINGS OF THE HEART ARE ARRANGED. The Earl of Dorincourt (Kynaston Reeves) comes up against some strong opposition from Sir Pomeroy Pomeroy-Jones (Henry Kendall) when he announces his intention of taking Dearest (Barbara Kelly), Lord Fauntleroy (Peter Hammond) and the Comtesse de Chaumont (Maxine Audley)—whom he believes to be Lady Fauntleroy—off to India

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"Angels In Love" (Savoy)

ONE of the more shameful memories of childhood with many of us is having been thoroughly taken in by *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. A certain picture is printed indelibly on our minds—that of the straight-backed, long-haired, velvet-suited boy escorting with insufferable complacency his Plantagenet-nosed grandsire across one of the broad aced rooms of the ancestral castle. Even now we blush to recall that he seemed to us then no end of a fellow. How shockingly slow we were to realize that the little horror had been foisted on us as a hero by good ladies who saw themselves idealized in the figure of Dearest (i.e. Cedric's mother).

Along comes Mr. Hugh Mills offering to purge, with laughter, this shameful memory. He finds us all eagerness in our wish to co-operate, but what is this? For a little while we find ourselves struggling with quite a different kind of blush. Fauntleroy has grown up into a tall young man. His velvet coat and flowing tie, Bohemian in intention perhaps, have an apt smack of the nursery. He is always popping in to ask Dearest if he may have a chocolate. He is sometimes accompanied by his wife, and together they sit on the floor munching very happily. But secretly Dearest is very troubled. She has just realized that the innocence of childhood carried into marriage is possibly rather too much of a good thing.

HE confides in a friend—a lady whose natural fund of mischief has been much added to by her experience of marriage with a Frenchman. It becomes plain to the two widows that Fauntleroy must be put through a sort of post-graduate course in biology, and the younger widow undertakes, not at all unwillingly, to deliver the necessary lectures.

It is the discussion between the two women which some will find embarrassing. Mr. Mills, I suspect, is a Puritan at heart, and when Puritan authors joke on the stage about "the facts of life" they are inclined to say things which shock good easy worldlings. Bridie in a scene between an embarrassed schoolmaster and a self-possessed boy brought off this joke with delightful effect. With Mr. Mills the joke comes off but sniggeringly; and it is a relief when the subject need

no longer be talked about but can be shown working itself out in harmless and amusing situations. As lecturer the Frenchman's widow has shown a trifle too much zeal; Fauntleroy too much aptitude; and the consequences are that the intolerant old earl who has never seen his grandson's wife leaps to the conclusion that the lady he has glimpsed in the course of her lecture, must necessarily be Lady Fauntleroy. He "has been offered India," and imperiously he proposes to make the Fauntleroys part of his Viceregal train. They must get ready to depart immediately, and this is exceedingly awkward since the real Lady Fauntleroy may return home at any moment now.

The author gets his characters out of their trouble much more amusingly than he has got them into it. There is a pleasant scene in which a pompous Victorian proposes marriage to Dearest, taking up an oratorical stance which he confidently supposes to be Gladstonian, pausing now to consult the notes on his shirt cuff and now to hand the lady her smelling salts.



SINISTER CHARM of Eustace Pomeroy-Jones, as played by Peter Reynolds

As it happens the pompous one has a brother, very unlike himself. He is surprised—he is almost shocked—to hear that this volatile fellow has fallen into the regrettable habit of murdering anyone he happens not to like. Believing that the lady he loves is Lady Fauntleroy, not knowing that she is the mischievous widow of a Frenchman, he decides to poison Fauntleroy. Hence the polite juggling with teacups, the losing track of the poisoned cup and the demise of the earl. The same stage device was used in a recent adaptation of *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, but it is a good device and works as well as ever; though we may regret that Fauntleroy missed the cup intended for him.

This wish is no disparagement of Mr. Peter Hammond's playing of the hero. He gives him the depraved air of a juvenile Dorian Gray, but the real heroes of the comedy are Mr. Henry Kendall's shattering Victorian bore, Mr. Peter Reynolds's light-hearted murderer, and Mr. Kynaston Reeves's intolerable Viceregal-designate, just as the real heroine is Miss Maxine Audley's ever engaging widow. Miss Barbara Kelly much underplays the sweetness of Dearest; but who will blame her?



Col. Anthony Gibbons Grinling and Mrs. Grinling at the private view with his fine torso in Honduras mahogany. The Colonel, who is a descendant of the woodcarver Grinling Gibbons, is director of a famous wine firm



Mrs. Leigh Hyams and Mrs. Philo Hauser were making their choice of what to see first from the catalogue



Miss M. Pollini showing her portrait entitled "Brenda" to an artist friend, Mrs. Seymour Turner

MORE THAN 250 ARTISTS are showing 600 works in the current exhibition of the National Society, at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. All schools of artistic thought are represented, and there is a particularly fascinating display of sculpture



Mrs. Lindley Sparks and Miss Rona Laurie, the actress, looking at a work by Archibald Ziegler



Mr. Iain MacNab, R.O.I., R.E., was discussing one of his landscapes with Mrs. Roger Tench

London Limelight



The White and Red Queens (Margaret Rutherford and Binnie Hale) make a cat's cradle at the Princes Theatre

Alice, Where Art Thou?

A PRETTY but mature Looking Glass Alice in the presentation at the Princes detracted sadly from the illusion. Surely the Alices of the theatre should always be infant prodigies when they have so many prodigious grown-ups in competition? Here are Griffith Jones and Michael Dennison scoring freely as Tweedledum and Tweedledee: the only possible riposte to such force is Miss Julie Andrews as she was four years ago. Binnie Hale's Red Queen and Margaret Rutherford's White demand the foil of youth if they are to be fully savoured. A young lady of terrifying and phenomenal genius should have been present to point their skill.

Instead of which we had Miss Carol Marsh, who could clearly delight us in a part which allowed her to be her age. A pity, because the theatre normally abounds with discoveries whose governesses lead them, lexicon in hand, to the wings—or so we are all too regularly informed.

SANDY WILSON; author, composer and lyric writer of *The Boy Friend*, sets out next Tuesday to conquer a new stratum of entertainment. He will appear in a cabaret act of his own invention at the Cavalero Room in Charles Street, which is the lineal heir to the late Carousel. Since Mr. Wilson merely writes, composes, devises, plays and versifies, but does not sing, he will be assisted in this detail by John Rhodes. This still leaves Mr. Coward the master of versatility, but if the new act is as good as its promise it should add its quota to the gaiety of nations.

LORD WILMOT OF SELMESTON, in the elegant setting of the Peers' Guest Room of the House of Lords, sponsored the opening fanfare for the Glyndebourne season, before an audience of devotees. It emerges that the same incomparable standard is to be maintained, that there is to be one new production (a Rossini) and that a great Mozartian tribute is to be saved for the bi-centenary year 1956. Glyndebourne at the moment lives upon free-enterprise patronage, which is an admirable sign in this day of Government subsidies.

On the mundane side, the dining arrangements are to be varied. There will be a buffet supper on Covent Garden lines as an alternative to the set cold meal, which has come in for criticism. But the problem of catering remains, and appears to the layman abominably intricate. How is one to feed 500 people in seventy-five minutes in a spot four miles from the nearest station, once a day only, maintain an adequate staff for the purpose, and make a reasonable profit?

—Youngman Carter



H.E. SIR GERALD CREASY, K.C.M.G., O.B.E., who has been a most successful Governor of Malta and has, with Lady Creasy, gained great popularity on the G.C. Island, is seen arriving at the Candlemas Ceremony in Valetta to make his farewell address. The Ceremony annually confirms the continuance of good relations between the island's leaders, civil and religious. Sir Gerald, who was appointed Governor in 1949, will leave Malta at some time after the Queen's visit on her homeward journey



VICE-ADMIRAL J. S. C. SALTER, Flag Officer, Malta, where he is also Admiral Superintendent, H.M. Dockyard, talking to Archpriest Canon Paul Galea at the Candlemas Ceremony

Talk Around the Town

MOST memoirs by people of over sixty pause when they come to 1914, look back over their shoulders, and usually reflect upon what course their world might have followed if war had not robbed them of many of their best friends.

If our losses were in no way comparable in numbers to those of the French in 1914, the quality of our casualties in those early months meant the loss of much of the most promising of a whole generation.

It was the fate of Mr. Duff Cooper to sit at his desk in the Foreign Office and see one after another of his friends struck down in the holocaust, as he has told in his admirable autobiography.

Just why so many officers became casualties

is suggested in another book of memoirs by a contemporary who, like Lord Norwich, is better known by his pre-succession name—Mr. Richard Norton. This is *Silver Spoon*, by Lord Grantley (Hutchinson; 18s.).

One of the more irresponsible young men of his generation (he comes from notably eccentric stock), Richard Norton helped to crack several bottles of champagne at White's on the fateful August 4th, and then enlisted in the Honourable Artillery Company, with many of his friends. As he got back to White's, a telegram was handed to him. "Report forthwith to Commanding Officer 2nd Battalion the Tower of London. Adjutant Scots Guards," it ran.

In the excitement of the day he had forgotten that he had casually become a reserve officer of that Regiment a year before.

Shortly afterwards young Richard Norton found himself in Ypres being interviewed by the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion.

"Though I felt it would depress him, I felt compelled to reply that I had been taught nothing but barrack-square drill, and that my military experience was confined to King's Guards," he said.

The C.O. "smiled grimly, and gave me a few kind and encouraging words."

The young subaltern lasted until one day before Christmas, when "crawling in front of the trench, and having a peep, the world seemed to gather me up and fling me into mid-air." The consequences of that near-miss shell have been with him all his life.

HIS stories of the life of Mayfair, when it was trying to hold itself together in the uneasy years of the 'twenties, are as good as any I have come across. He had married Jean, one of the charming Kinloch sisters (the other became Lady Brownlow), and they were as popular a young couple as any in that decade.

He seemed to have been dogged by debt from his Oxford days onwards, although his eccentric father was a millionaire.

After a banking period in the City, he finally landed in the film business, where he made a considerable name for himself.

Neither his early irresponsibility, nor his cynical gaiety, ever deserted him.

At Palm Beach he introduced *chemin-defer* to some friends, and promptly lost 25,000 dollars, "and it took me ten years to repay it."

I can testify that on one occasion I gladly lent Lord Grantley £5 (although I cannot think how I ever had so much on me) and his cheque followed in little more than ten hours.

* * *

ONE of the many whims of fashion which remain a mystery to me was illustrated by a lady who—wrapped up to the chin in a fur coat—took me up Bond Street on one of the coldest days of this winter.

She remarked that a young relative from the country had been looking for a warm overcoat and had had the greatest difficulty in finding a suitable one ready-made.

Apparently no shop likes to sell overcoats as late as January or February.

Why?

Because their minds are centred on what I was invited to look at in window after window as we passed by: thin cotton frocks.

All that needs to be done now is to have the mid-winter sales two weeks before



Distinguished Guests who went to the Candlemas Ceremony in the Grand Master's Palace, Valetta

The three Services chiefs in Malta: Major-General B. Daunt, Air Marshal B. V. Reynolds and Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma

POLITICIANS

PARLIAMENTARY BORE

When Dash became a lord, his party fought A by-election which availed it naught.
"No matter," cried the caucus. "Glory be!
The seat has gone—and so, thank God, has he!"

GOOD PARTY MAN

De Bletherby, the Whip's Delight,
Sees everything in black and white.
His stance is firm, his visage grim,
No pastel shades exist for him.
His simple Whiteness can't abide
The Blackness of the other side.

STICKLER

I know a member of the Lower House
Who thrives on Precedent as cat on mouse.
Death's summons he will certainly ignore.
For why? Because he never died before.

—Eric Chilman

* * *

Christmas, and a completely feminine calendar can be devised, bearing as distant a relation to the old calendar as the hour in Sydney does to time in Greenwich.

I am told the secret of the cotton frocks, and such light and gay things, being displayed is that the colder and greyer the weather, the happier does woman become in buying something for August.

If it is sweltering in August, I presume, she spends her time shopping for sweaters.

* * *

IAM told that on the naval and military tailoring front the Admiralty struck a blow in defence of tradition when the rig of the seamen of the new Royal yacht came up for consideration.

The men are to wear the original Victorian mate lot's rig.

There is not so much major difference, but the men's general appearance tends to be that depicted on the famous cigarette packet. The jumper is worn inside the trousers, and there is a slightly different cloth used, with white rank badges instead of red. The Victorian appearance is much enhanced by a large proportion of the seamen—being veterans—wearing beards, this in a day when beards are not so universally popular in the Navy among all ages.

They also wear slippers on board (so as not to disturb the sleep of the Queen below), and when coming alongside, the yacht does so in silence, no orders being shouted.

Just as they have got all that well rehearsed, there will, of course, come a jet bomber screeching overhead.



Lady Creasy welcomes Mrs. Cavenagh-Mainwaring. Right, Capt. M. K. Cavenagh-Mainwaring, R.N., and Lt.-Col. H. Ferro, Royal Malta Artillery

THAT the strike-wrecked Cruft's should be held later in the year at Richmond seemed at first an excellent idea to disappointed dog-breeders.

On any visits which I have paid to the show at Olympia I have always taken the precaution of asking an ardent dog-lover to accompany me, but even that has not dissipated the gloom of seeing so many dogs looking unnatural in the February light of the big glass-house—for I have little but pity for dogs forced to live in towns.

A dog in the open air can be quite a different animal.

But it seems that too many obstacles are in the way. A pundit of the Kennel Club tells me that Cruft's judges must have adjudicated nowhere else for six months before the show, and this would make the gathering together of experts almost impossible in a month other than the expected February, which is a dead season in the countryside.

Dog fashions, I learned, are changing.

The cockers remain on top in popularity, where they have sat for the record time of perhaps twenty years, but Alsatians are now in second place, having displaced the wire-haired fox-terrier. Pekingese have given way to miniature poodles in third place.

One of the values of a dog in London is as a watchman. I have no intention of entering into a controversy by listing the breeds of dogs which sat somnolent with a friend of mine recently while upstairs thieves ransacked her most valuable possessions.

* * *

AND your British drama—it is in a flourishing and vigorous state?" asked the visitor. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Already this year we have seen produced *Peter Pan*, *Charley's Aunt*, *The Private Secretary* and *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*. Before long we may confidently expect to see *Mr. Pickwick*, *Vice Versa*, *A Little Bit of Fluff* and *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*."

"And your music is also flourishing?" enquired the visitor.

"Indeed, yes," was the reply. "The works of Wagner, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Puccini, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, Chopin, and Elgar and Tchaikovsky are heard on every hand. Before the year is out we may confidently expect to hear *The Quaker Girl*, *Chu-Chin-Chow*, *The Chocolate Soldier* and *H.M.S. Pinafore*."

—Gordon Beckles



Taking tea in the Yellow Room after the Ceremony were Canon Vincent Saliba and Dr. G. Borg Olivier, the Prime Minister of Malta

THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE MET FOR "GALLOP BY NIGHT"

MEMBERS of the South Oxfordshire held their hunt ball at Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames, when, despite the bad weather, more than 400 guests gathered for a very gay evening. There was a buffet supper at midnight, the principal toast being to the resumption of sport after the hard frosts



Mr. Peter Brown, Miss Geraldine Wall and Mrs. Gillian Van Amel tried their skill at the hoop-la stall



From the stairway a happy quartet watched their friends dance a rousing post-horn gallop. They were Mr. D. O. Gurden, Miss Janet Smith, Mr. D. J. Eden and Miss Jean Golland



Sitting out after supper were Mr. Dennis Wallace, Miss Angela Stephenson, Mr. Colin Shankland and Miss Jennifer Bowron



The Hon. Mrs. Hermon-Hodge, of Wyfold Lodge, Reading, Col. Alan Dower, Joint-Master of the Old Berkeley, and the Hon. Lady Floyd had dinner at the main table



Miss Diane Stamp was another who took a turn at the hoop-la, accompanied by Mr. Michael Florey



Miss Jennifer Weld and Mr. Patrick Gibbs danced a quick-step as the programme got well under way



Another couple were Major A. Boyd Gibbons, the polo player, and Mrs. Hamilton-Caldicott



Miss Gillian Howe was partnered by Mr. George Schneider. They are both followers of the Old Berkeley



Mr. H. S. Rubin, Joint-Master of the South Oxfordshire, Mrs. Rubin, and Jim Stanley the huntsman, admired a model of Col. Llewellyn on Foxhunter, which was one of the prizes in the draw

Desmond O'Neill



DINING OUT

Claret's Bouquet Of Victory

A BOTTLE—No. 14,888—of Château Mouton Rothschild 1945 has found its way to me. This was the wine which was not only hailed as a harbinger of victory (as the label testifies) but as likely to prove one of the great clarets of the century.

It has been exceptionally slow in maturing and is only now, or so I am assured, reaching its prime.

At the moment untasted, my principal interest has been centred upon the label, which gives details of the Château's yield in this year. This was of 24 jeroboams, 1,475 magnums, 74,422 bottles and half-bottles, and 2,000 "Réserve de Château." This seems to be above the average quantity.

I looked up the position of the Château on the map. We know all these wines of the Haute Medoc as "Bordeaux," but I notice that the Mouton Rothschild must be a good sixty miles from the actual city—almost on the farthest edge of the vineyards.

CASANOVA (Grosvenor Street).—This is the place where, unless the contrary is indicated, every guest is presumed to be a millionaire. In point of fact, the charges at the cocktail bar are very reasonable, and less than many places in the West End. Even the wine list is not excessively expensive.

Perhaps it is the atmosphere that flatters it. Rico Dajou likes to order a meal according to what he feels the customer's personality (or nationality) demands. A guest with Russian blood in her will suddenly be regaled with *Bœuf Stroganoff*. An American will be confronted with a steak of Broadway (or almost) proportions. In the evening a lush night club—the Don Juan—is opened upstairs, where the *au princier* atmosphere is carried a bit further, by way of deep-pile carpets and crested goblets. The kind of place for the evening when you back the winner of the Grand National.

I HAD hopes of being able to give a precise and personal report on the much-publicised American lady who came to London herself to report on the West End's dining out.

She has vanished, alas, in the direction of Paris, where she will find much to report on.

Is any young English woman of twenty-four really interested in what she eats? Yes, a few are, over and above natural feminine fussiness and prejudice.

As far as American women go, I find that they eat little of what they can, but talk a great deal about what they can't.

—I. Bickerstaff



Fennell

IN HIS CHRISTENING ROBE, three-months-old Simon Charles Eveleigh Wren Conyngham received a kiss from his two-and-a-half-year-old brother, Viscount Slane, while their mother, the Countess of Mount Charles, looks on. Lady Mount Charles is the former Miss Eileen Wren Newsam, a descendant of Sir Christopher Wren, and married the son and heir of the Marquess Conyngham in 1950. Their home is the seventeenth-century Castle Slane, Co. Meath, overlooking the River Boyne

Priscilla in Paris

The Firemen Pined For A Blaze

IT is said that a policeman's lot is not a happy one! What about the Paris firemen? Morning, noon and night they are called out. Burst pipes, flooded basements, cracked cisterns, cataracts of water pouring down the façades of old buildings, forming stalactites from balconies and window-sills, and stalagmites that trip you up on the pavement below. How they would welcome just one cosy little blaze, if only a single chimney, to warm them up. But chimneys merely smoke with a stale-smelling down-draught, for nothing seems to catch fire nowadays.

When my faithful Josephine made some pancakes *flambées au rhum* for a sweet, it took almost half-a-box of matches to light the dish. Quoth Josephine: "I used the Very Best Butter, madame." "And," replied

madame, "damn poor rum!" But maybe I ought to have blamed the quality of the matches, expensively supplied Government concession.

JUST now I am deeply impressed by the terrible honesty of the poor. Thousands of cars are parked in the streets at night; they are protected from the frost by every kind of covering from quilted newspapers to expensive rugs. Old overcoats and waterproofs are also greatly used.

The other evening as I walked from my home to the near-by Salle Luxembourg of the Comédie Française I passed several poor people making their way to the Salvation Army shelter on the right bank of the river. They walked with the shuffling steps of those who are very cold, hands deep in torn pockets, elbows pressed against ribs, shoulders hunched. One of these dark

shadows stopped, it leaned against the still warm radiator of a C.D. car swathed in what may have been an old overcoat.

A few moments later I glanced back. The shadow was moving on, the car was still covered. When I returned, by the same route, at midnight, the street was empty of human beings, but all the cars were there, and none had lost their coverings.

This is a heart-breaking world, when one finds it possible to be sad because one's brothers are honest and, at the same time, glad that inanimate radiators have been protected from the frost. I can find no moral to these remarks. Just "one of those things."

At the Salle Luxembourg the Comédiens Français were appearing in a revival of M. Jacques Deval's twenty-three-year-old comedy *Etienne*, an entertaining but slightly grim study of a bourgeois home in the first quarter of this century. There is the stupid, pompous father who is at the head of the "Complaints" department of a big Parisian store. A self-righteous moralist to his family but a petty Don Juan when complaining customers of the weaker sex visit his business office. There is the docile, middle-aged wife who, aware of her husband's flirtations, prefers to submit silently rather than add to the frequent scenes between the tyrannical father and their seventeen-year-old son. The son is Etienne, brilliantly clever but as mischievous as a schoolboy of that age can be. He is contemptuous of his father, whose foibles he surmises and on whom, to avenge the mother that he adores, he plays every exasperating trick that can be imagined.

In the first act Etienne is the inky schoolboy in danger of being sent to a reformatory by his father for having faked the report he brings home from school. The mother rebels. She tells her husband what she thinks of him, declaring that she will continue to close her eyes to his philandering . . . so long as her son remains at home. An eavesdropping maid repeats this conversation to Etienne.

THE second act sees Etienne progressing in the art of growing up. He telephones to his father's employer pretending that he is the husband of a customer who has "been annoyed by the head of 'Complaints.'" This is not the first time such a thing has occurred, and Don Juan is transferred to the Catalogue Department, where no pretty customers have entrance. Later, Etienne takes an even shorter cut through adolescence . . . and a certain lovely young woman prepares to bypass Papa in favour of Papa's son.

Act III. sees the utter routing of Papa, whose pompous lucubrations hold no appeal to catalogue readers. It is Etienne's youthful witticisms that, with great success, are borrowed by Papa and henceforth Etienne calls the tune.

An entertaining play and beautifully acted. Nevertheless, if I had a seventeen-year-old daughter I don't think I'd take her to see it.

Enfin!

• "He can be clever when he wants to be."
"But he can be stupid when he doesn't want to be."



S/Ldr. Neville Duke presents his prize for the fastest Corviglia run to Mr. Pat Humphreys (U.S.A.)



S/Ldr. I. Colquhoun hands a trophy to S/Ldr. Halliday, captain of the R.A.F. bobsleigh team



Fastest Cresta run was made by F/Lt. C. N. C. Mitchell. The donor was Lt.-Cdr. Mike Lithgow, R.N.



The Duc di Sangro, president of the Corviglia Club, was laughing with the Marquise de Amodio, his dinner companion. Both were on the executive committee of the ball



Another committee member, Lady Vereker, was chatting over a cigarette with Lt.-Col. S. N. S. Hutchins, Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Berne

BALL GUESTS HAD AIRLIFT TO ALPS

A GREATLY-looked-forward-to date at St. Moritz is the "Wings" Ball, organised by the R.A.F. Association. This year's event, when a contingent of guests was flown out from Britain by Silver City Airways, was immensely successful ➤



Mr. Aris Vatimbella and Mr. Gerald R. Boak were presenting Mrs. Colquhoun with her tombola prize



Miss Marie Burke, who contributed to the cabaret, was one of those who flew out from Blackbushe to Zurich



Another very popular contributor to the cabaret was Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the famous comedienne



At dinner : Mme. Badrutt, H.E. Sir Lionel Lamb, British Ambassador in Switzerland, who was Patron of the ball, Mme. Hans Rieser and S/Ldr. Neville Duke



Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker with the handsome case of cocktails which they were lucky enough to win in the tombola

FOR A NIGHT, ST. MORITZ GAVE ITS HEART TO R.A.F.

THE "Wings" dinner and ball at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, was part of a three-day series of events given for the benefit of 150 ex-Service patients in sanatoria at Davos. It was one of the gayest nights of the season in the famous Engadine resort, and did the greatest credit to the R.A.F. Association and its president, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, who was one of the party flown out from England for the ball and other events



Among the cosmopolitan company at the ball were the Countess Sandro Collaeto, Princess Max Windisch-Graetz and Prince Max Furstenburg of Donau-Eschingen



Col. Hans Rieser, Swiss Air Force, was chatting to Lady Lamb, while M. Henri Martin was demonstrating a tune to Miss Elizabeth Turner



Winter sports pioneer, Lord Brabazon of Tara (right), was watching the dancing with Mrs. I. A. Duncan, Mrs. D. Moon Brabazon and the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon



Lord Porchester, Mrs. Stavros Niarchos, wife of the shipowner, and Mr. N. E. Zervudachi were three more guests who were enjoying this very efficiently organised evening



Mr. Howard Harrison, of London Films, Mrs. Hewett, Countess Theo Rossi di Montelera, and the Marquis de Amodio were others there



Lady Tedder, who had flown out with Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Cdr. (E) G. A. Hewett, D.S.C., Assistant Naval Attaché, Rome, and Mrs. Harrison

R. H. Schloss
Compère of the ball, Mr. Avis Vatimella, the Cresta rider, discusses the prize-giving with Mr. Gerald Boak, general secretary of the R.A.F. Association, and W/Cdr. R. C. E. Scott, Air Attaché in Berne

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

MUSING over a Press photograph of a film-actor impersonating Beau Brummell, and looking the very image of a film-actor impersonating Beau Brummell (whose actual nickname, bestowed at Eton, was incidentally "Buck"), it occurred to us that it must be far less bother to impersonate some less elusive character such as Socrates or Jack the Ripper.

The cool, brilliant subtlety of Buck Brummell, who exploited the most arrogant *beau monde* in Europe for his own amusement so skilfully that even his bankruptcy and exile failed to dissolve the spell, seems to us impossible to put across the footlights. Fortunately for the theatre-boys, Brummell went so spectacularly crazy at Caen, holding those pathetic imaginary evening receptions for the nobility in his shabby rooms and collapsing in tears midway, that a perfect Act III finale and a dozen curtain-calls are handed them, so to speak, surrounded by jam on a silver salver. Last time we saw this done in style was in Reynaldo Hahn's operetta, *Brummell*, which has a sublime chorus of padded Regency bucks, twice as large as life and chanting melodiously

*Nous sommes les Dandys de Brummell,
Grand-Vizir du Prince de Galles . . .*

But no French actor can convey Brummell's elegant frigidity, and we doubt if you sahibs can either, distant and chilling as is the expression of your masterful orbs. Still, as remarked before, we admire your trousers with all the sullen envy of the Celt.

Mowgli

ANOTHER "wolf-boy" has turned up in India, walking on all fours, growling and eating like an animal, and otherwise failing lamentably to reach the standard set by his predecessor Mowgli of *The Jungle Book*, whose collaboration with the Indian Government was so valuable.

Note, chicks, that Kipling wisely left his own wolf-boy in his glamorous youth, no doubt

foreseeing that Mowgli in his 40-50's would be a bit of a bore; too stout and lethargic to swing from trees and romp with tigers or, alternatively, too emaciated and peevish, inclined to hang round the Forestry Department and scold his sahib chums like an elderly scoutmaster. Monkeys would heave nuts at him unchecked. Life in the Rukh moreover would have changed considerably by the 1920's. Blondes with exquisitely-marcelled hair would ride past haughtily on elephants. In every clearing Zulus would be seen locked in deadly combat with members of the French Foreign Legion. Before he knew where he was Mowgli would be waving a scimitar at two rupees a day and howling "Wolla, wolla!" in the jungle-sequence of *Flaming Lips*, a film based on the life of Mrs. Harriet Beecher ("Uncle Tom's Cabin") Stowe.

Apparently the Hindu authorities don't quite know what to do with Mowgli's latest successor. They might (it occurs to one) lend him to some advanced British prep. school for the Self-Expression Course. No offence, or at any rate, not very much.

Gorilla

"**S**CORES of people"—we quote verbatim from a daily paper—"have offered to read to Guy, the lonely Zoo gorilla, but it seems that what Guy really wants is a mate. Mr. —, a Fellow of the Zoological Society, called and stayed an hour with Guy yesterday."

And we dare say this Fellow, unlike the Fleet Street boys, wasn't fooled by Guy's talk about wanting a mate. A Harley Street psychiatrist of wide experience tells us this gorilla's real trouble is social ambition; he longs to be elected a Fellow of the Zoological Society and to join in the delightful brawls the Fellows are always having. Having often seen what he takes to be a big baboon strolling into these gatherings with his supporters, Guy believes he himself has a pretty good chance, and maybe the next Fellow who calls on him for a chat will have to face this issue squarely. Guy's slight persecution-mania may make the interview a trifle embarrassing, this psychiatrist adds.

Footnote

WE gather the conversation may develop on these lines:

GUY (bitterly): I'm not good enough for you, eh? Not the right type? Eh?

FELLOW: Don't say that.

GUY: Not cultured enough, eh? What about all the people who want to read to me? Seen the papers?

FELLOW: I assure you—

GUY: Nice people, too. There's a baronet's third cousin's niece wants to read me poetry, and I mean poetry, such as *Murder in the Waste Land* by George Eliot. I bet that damned baboon of yours never gets a social boost like that.

FELLOW: Er—chrm. Hrm. Well, frankly, the difficulty is—

The difficulty is that executive ability, sound lungs, and a good fighting spirit, rather than culture and a love of poetry, are the main



"Captain COOK? . . . Not the great discoverer?"

qualifications for a Fellowship, and Guy is unfortunately rated on the Zoo books as an "intellectual." And serve him right, maybe, for helling round with those pale gorillas on the Third Programme.

Sportifs

DARK and true and tender is the North, as Tennyson said laughingly to the little actress, and it was no surprise to us to find the rugged locals of County Durham waxing violently cross (*vide* Press) with that Old Bailey witness who recently accused them of habitually beating their wives.

Bright and fierce and fickle is the South, as Tennyson added with a sigh, tapping the little actress lightly on her snowy deltoid, but it is only fair to state that down our way wife-beating as a pastime is practically confined to philatelist and birdwatching circles. Bird-watchers' wives moreover accept it more or less appreciatively, as a tribute to their charms, realising that when a tired birdwatcher reels home after staring fixedly for eight hours at Rowbotham's Crested Guffin, only to find what looks like a bird of paradise trilling a welcome in the drawing-room, something seems to snap in his brain. "Everything was a blank," as Major Umbrage said to the Central Southern Executive not long ago. "Surely, Major," said the Chairman sceptically, "you are not asking us to believe that La Umbrage looked to you like some exquisite tropic bird?" The Major said: "No, you fool, a cassowary." The kind of emotional brainstorm caused by such visions cannot of course be the excuse of philatelists, who are affected by something in the gum, they tell us.

However, there is no wifebeating in the North, and how the locals spend their spare time remains an absorbing mystery, though not very.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham



FELT TAKERS DANCED IN VERY CIVIL MOOD

ON exchanging their National Service headgear for the felt hats of civil life, Cambridge undergraduates join the Felt Takers' Organisation, a body with very sound ideas of amusement. This was proved at their recent ball, when a company of 180 had a thoroughly enjoyable evening



Mr. W. P. F. Bennett demonstrates a point in his argument to the amusement of Miss Josephine Bennett, Mr. P. W. St. L. Searle and Miss Sylvia Thorlby, as they were waiting for refreshments



President of the Felt Takers, Mr. Peter Bee, was explaining their aims to Miss Molly Pettit



Miss Elizabeth Ann Wilday dancing with Mr. Jeremy Barron. This pleasant evening took place at the Guildhall, Cambridge



Having a last dance before going to supper were Miss Scilla Poole and Mr. David Johnstone



Miss Moxie McDonnell and Mr. Tony Baldwin were discussing some of the highlights of the Lent term



Impromptu conference between Mr. N. G. Barber, Miss E. M. Laird, Miss Patricia Spring, Mr. Nick Dunn, Miss Anne Kahn, Mr. Mark Taylor, Miss Shirley Foote and Mr. P. G. B. Wills

Swaebc

At The Pictures

Doris Day's Triumph



Howard Keel and Doris Day in "Calamity Jane," which sets a new standard in musicals

SOME weeks ago, sitting in the upper room of a Westminster public-house, I heard a wonderfully miscellaneous gathering of bull terrier-owners eloquently expatiating on what they understand by "quality" in their dogs. Clearly something comparable is to be found in films. It is the quality which makes some pictures transcend their own content, whether trivial or repugnant.

Clouzot's odious *Le Salaire de la Peur* (at the newly-reopened Academy) is a distinguished film, a brilliant film, a film of many qualities, but not of the quality to raise it above its own beastliness.

Anybody who survives the first half-hour or so of getting to know the squalid oil community "somewhere in Central America" (it was in fact made in France) is likely to find himself transported on that grim, long lorry-drive carrying nitro-glycerine over hundreds of miles of terrible country in an atmosphere of unexcelled tension. Unfortunately it is achieved by such brutality of means to such emptiness of purpose, that the tension is to be resisted rather than enjoyed.

"CALAMITY JANE" (Warner) has three separate claims to quality.

There is the film itself; one of the most happy, carefree and exuberant of musicals. There is the fact that this really is a *musical* musical, both in quantity and quality; the tunes are hummable, whistlable, wholly delightful, whisking the film along at a spanking pace. Thirdly, there is Doris Day.

Hitherto her films have grown increasingly stereotyped. To cast her as Buffalo Bill's famous girl-friend was an inspiration, and she plays as one inspired; giving free rein to hitherto barely suspected qualities as an actress. She plays with abandon, but never losing her sense of character even for the inevitable transformation scene from toughness to glamour; just as she never loses mastery of her singing (even in that fashionable throaty rasp) or dancing. The performance is a *tour de force* and proves Miss Day a star of quality in truth, in a film that is so much the happiest musical for several years that it, too, very definitely has quality.

QUALITY is hardly to be expected in a picture called *You Know What Sailors Are* (Odeon, Leicester Square). It has a serviceable comic idea in the naval radar officer (Donald Sinden) who sets up on deck a contraption of prams and pawnbroker's signs too easily mistaken for a top secret atomic weapon.

Wit, however, is indifferently developed, and the picture romps through the very Near East, dallying when necessary with the "Agrarian" President's unlikely harem employed as watchdog *provocateurs*, or with Dora Bryan as the pasha's Lancashire Lass of a wife.

Quality of a different order is naturally found in the colour film of the *Royal New Zealand Journey*. For the Queen is the first star of our screens. It is fascinating to watch this record of her meetings with her people, whether Maoris or New Zealand deputies, and, above all, to see her look as radiantly happy as she does.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



In the thirteenth-century part of the Red Lion at Colchester, Mr. Renshaw Lee, Miss Jean Cove, Miss Jean Randall and Mr. Ronald Battiscombe enjoyed the buffet supper. Brightlingsea S.C. were this year's hosts

WALLET BALL HAILED PROSPECT OF SPRING

AFTER the temporary lack of activity during the winter months, East Coast yachtsmen met again at their annual Wallet Ball, a most successful reunion and a happy augury for the coming season



Guests from the Wivenhoe S.C. were Mrs. D. P. Haward, Mr. J. B. Orrock, Mrs. Orrock, Miss G. Death, Mr. J. M. Greenwood and Mr. D. P. Haward



Mr. Donald Pye and his wife, both members of the West Mersea, sat out together on a settee during an interval



Miss Valerie Hopkins and Lt. Ian Spear were two others who rested for a short time and enjoyed a conversation



Mrs. Desmond Ward and her nephew Mr. Dudley Moore were laughing as a friend recounted a sailing story



Miss Adele Bradbury and Mr. Brian Comfort, of the Colne Y.C., exchanged details of their summer plans



The Flag Officers of the Brightlingsea S.C. with their wives. Mr. R. L. Sutton (Commodore), Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. R. Norfolk, Mr. R. Norfolk (Vice-Commodore), Mrs. Fieldgate and Mr. John Fieldgate (Rear-Commodore)

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"... And what do you expect me to do about it?—write to my M.P.!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"MY dear," whispered one woman, "have you heard about the Harrisons? Everybody is talking about them. Some are taking her part and some his."

★ "Really?" said the second woman, "and I suppose a few eccentric individuals are minding their own business?" ★

In the class, they were discussing various species of animal and insect life.

"I say, sir," said one student to the teacher, "I think the moth leads an awful life."

The teacher looked puzzled. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Well," said the student, "the poor thing spends the summer in a fur coat and winter in a swim-suit."

* * * * *
A WELL-KNOWN artist stopped and looked at the drawings displayed by a pavement artist. He asked the man what sort of fish one of his drawings represented.

"A shark, sir," replied the man.

The other smiled. "Have you ever seen a shark?" he asked.

"No, sir," the man replied, "but then, don't some of those Academy chaps paint angels?" *

Two parrots escaped from their cages and took refuge among the trees in the grounds of a near-by mental institution. The owner of the birds asked the director of the asylum to help get them back. The director thought this might be possible, as one of the inmates believed himself to be a monkey. He summoned this man and asked him to locate the parrots, one red and the other green.

After an hour or so, the fellow walked in with the red bird held firmly in his hand.

"What about the green parrot?" he was asked.

"I wouldn't take that one from his perch—he wasn't ripe," the climber explained.

Motoring

The Crocus Roars

• Oliver Stewart •

FOR the motorist the dial hand, saying that spring is approaching, is not crocuses, but the reopening of the Goodwood track for practising. On March 6th it will be Goodwood once again, and the prospects of a wonderful season's racing with Formula 1 back in the picture. The first Goodwood meeting, however, is not until near the end of March, and the first international meeting there is not until April 19th.

But we can feel pleased that the period of sliding and slithering in snow and slush and of furtively feeling the way through fog is over and that the delights of dry roads and good visibility are with us again. (I shall take it unkindly if the weather decides to be contrary and to show what it can do to make things uncomfortable out of season.)

Soon after practising has begun at Goodwood there will be the R.A.C.'s Blackpool and Hastings affair, and then—opening what might be called the trading season—there will be the Geneva Motor Show, where the British effort will once more be considerable.

My recent article on running a Diesel-engined car has brought me more correspondence than anything else I have written for the last year. The whole subject received a most welcome stimulus by the announcement of the Standard Company. The new Standard 2.1-litre Diesel car will be available from about April onwards, at a cost, including tax but not including such things as heater and radio, of £1042 7s. 6d. The car has an interesting specification, with a claimed consumption figure of between 40 and 45 miles to the gallon. The Standard is also available with the Diesel engine as an estate car.

One of the letters I have received points out that, unless the first cost of a Diesel



MR. WILLIAM LYONS (centre), chairman and managing director of Jaguar Cars, with the Ferodo Trophy presented for the outstanding contribution to motor racing during 1953, when Jaguars were first, second and fourth at Le Mans. With him were Mr. Duncan Hamilton (left) and Mr. Hugh Molson, M.P.

car is kept down, there is little economic advantage in the good fuel consumption. That is true. But the claim is made that the Diesel has a longer overhaul life. If, then, the owner keeps his car longer, he reaps the benefit of the low fuel consumption. But I agree that those who change cars every year receive little, if any, economical advantage unless they do a huge mileage. But the Diesel car will not appeal to the public solely on its economic merits. It will appeal as a different and interesting kind of motoring.

THREE are still rumours galore that the Minister of Transport is going to comb out the speed limits and discard those which are not justified. The idea is that the police could then take more effective action in enforcing the speed limits which remain. I hope these rumours are well founded. The idea is sound and could be extended to the matter of parking and waiting.

The Commissioner of Police was complaining the other day that the police became "unpopular" when they took action against motorists for causing obstruction. The cure, however, is simple and is within the hands of the police already: it is to take action only against drivers for *real* obstruction. At the moment most cases are brought for potential obstruction, a thing which is admitted by the wording of the Act.

The thing that annoys drivers is to be hauled before the courts and fined simply for leaving their car on the road. The obstruction is that which might be caused to the hypothetical traffic which could reasonably be supposed to be on the road! If the police confined their activities to *real* obstruction and took action equally against commercial vehicle drivers and private motorists, they would soon become "popular" again.

IHAD an opportunity of trying the new Ridemaster spring accessory in a Vauxhall the other day. This device is made by Toledo Woodhead of Sheffield, one of the biggest spring makers in the country, and it can be fitted to most types of car with leaf springs at the rear. The idea is ingenious: a coil spring is so fitted on brackets that it confers a progressive stiffening of the main leaf spring as it comes under deflection.

In the back seat of the Vauxhall one could obtain a good impression of the effects, and it is certainly true that rolling on corners is well controlled. On normal roads the ride is about as usual, but it is when the surface is bad or during cornering that the progressive action makes itself felt. These sets of springs are now available

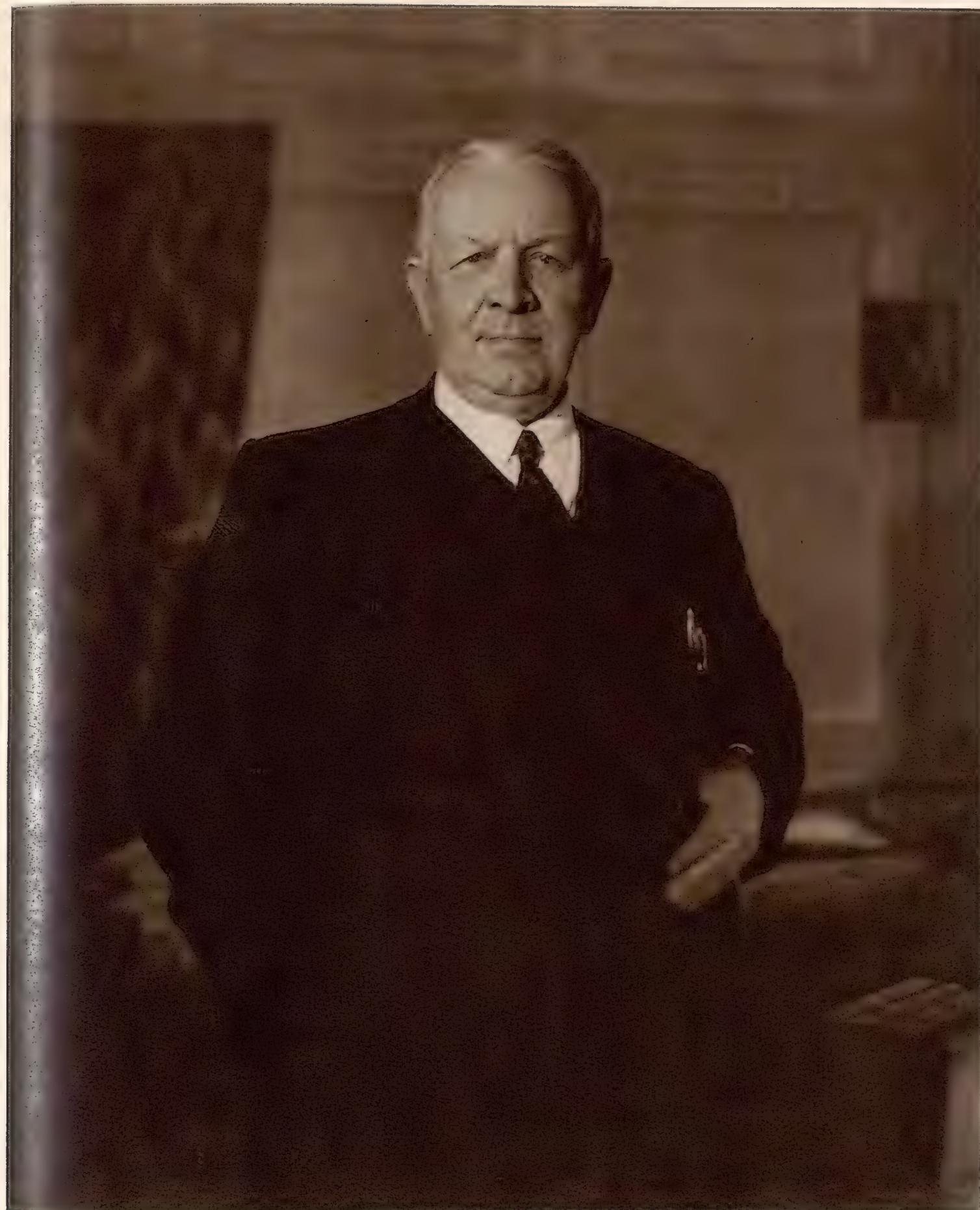
for many makes of car, including Austins. And I noticed that the Bentley belonging to Mr. Frank Woodhead, the managing director of the company, has the device fitted. So for once the doctor is taking his own (anti-roll) medicine.

AMERICAN styling and its effect on the styling of car manufacturers all the world over is, to me, a puzzle. Much of it is garish and over-emphatic. I dislike some of the treatments for rear bumpers and tail and stop lights. The chromium lines are usually too heavy. The colossal tin-can effect is too noticeable. But I am interested in the American convertibles and in the way in which they are gaining still further popularity. The 1954 Packard Convertible, for instance, is a thoroughly well-organised piece of automobilism, and the exterior appearance is not at all bad. In fact, there is a pleasing balance about the Packard not always found in American cars.

The case for the convertible becomes especially strong when power-operation is employed. Everybody who has tasted open-car driving prefers it to any other kind. The only way to obtain the greatest benefits from motoring in fine weather is when one is in the open. It is the deadly bore of having to erect and to fold hoods that killed the open car, or went some way towards killing it. Power-operation transforms the picture. But it is admittedly extremely difficult and rather expensive to contrive a folding head which will be really weather-proof.



THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF READING with Dr. Charles Hill, M.P., when she visited the Civil Defence Emergency Feeding Exhibition at the Ministry of Food



Howard Coster

SIR CHARLES BARTLETT is managing director of the great automobile engineering complex of Vauxhall Motors and General Motors, at Luton, and next year will celebrate the Silver Jubilee of his brilliantly successful stewardship. During it he has increased both the scope and reputation of one of the most famous names in British motoring, while his work for the war effort was recognised with a knighthood in 1944. This was not his first grapple with the enemy, for he served throughout World War One in the Devonshire and Dorsetshire Regiment. Sir Charles lives at Kinsbourne Green, near Harpenden, Herts, where he and Lady Bartlett are able to follow a favourite pursuit and one widely separated from engineering—namely, horticulture.



GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., who has done such brilliant work as High Commissioner in Malaya, has been appointed C.-in-C. British Army of the Rhine, to take effect in October. This drawing of him by Lt.-Col. J. E. B. Whitehead, one of the Army's most interesting artists, who is shortly retiring after a distinguished career, well expresses the General's dynamic and tenacious character

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

Light On Newton

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE'S SIR ISAAC NEWTON is the latest addition to Collins's "Brief Lives" Series (7s. 6d. a volume). This Series has been, from the first, worth watching—its title, I ought to say, derives not from any melancholy thought of the shortness of the span of human existence, but from the fact that these are life-stories briefly told—told for intelligent people of any age from about sixteen up, and always by authorities on the subjects.

In no sense are these volumes "potted" biographies; on the contrary, each has, so far, been not only a work of interest, but in its own

way also a work of art. Some of the best biographies of the last years have reached us in the "Brief Lives" format—those of you who, for instance, have come across C. V. Wedgwood's *Montrose*; John Summerson's *Sir Christopher Wren*; Roger Fullford's *Queen Victoria*; or A. P. Ryan's *Lord Northcliffe*, will, I am sure, agree.

MOST of us are aware that Isaac Newton walked in an orchard and, seeing an apple fall, therefrom evolved the theory of gravity. So well pleased are we by that homely picture that few of us can see an apple falling without a fleeting thought of the great man. But how much else do we know? So

little, possibly, that we are almost ashamed to begin to ask—for so often one feels that those who do know cannot fail to despise us for not knowing. That, at least, was my own situation; and I was therefore grateful for the courtesy of Professor Andrade's approach to the up-to-now somewhat timid reader. (The fact is, as one ought to have realised, that your true expert is seldom a knowledge-snob.) His very opening is reassuring:

"Isaac Newton [he says] is one of the greatest names in the history of human thought. Wherever the development of science is studied, wherever men set out to consider seriously the way in which modern views and methods of scientific search developed, he is held in reverence, in Russia as in the United States, in Germany as in Great Britain. Nearly everyone who takes any interest in history, in science or in serious affairs in general has heard of him and realises that he is an outstanding man, but few, perhaps, understand, even in a general way, why it is that he is famous. It is the object of this little book to say something of Newton's life and times, but in particular to make clear what it was that he did and why it was of such great importance for the development of scientific thought."

AND clear, your reviewer feels, it has been made—with the very minimum of abtruse writing; or, indeed, one might say none. The brighter you are, which may mean the younger you are, the more you will no doubt get from Professor Andrade's extremely lucid exposition of the Newtonian theories and his setting-out of those fundamental discoveries which have altered the course of thought by enlarging our concept of the surrounding universe.

There are some, though never too many, diagrams, which, so far as I know, could not be clearer. But what I should like to add is to me important—if you, reader, have the type of mind which in this our great scientific age obstinately continues to go to ground, to refuse to cope, to prefer to think about something else, you yet should enjoy, as I did, this study of the man who was Isaac Newton, and of the time which brought his genius to birth.

IN 1661, Newton, aged nineteen, entered Trinity College, Cambridge; from 1665 to 1667, years during which the University was closed by a threat of plague, he worked at home; it was in the orchard of his birthplace, Woolsthorpe manor farm, near Grantham, that he saw the famous apple fall. Two years later, having returned to Cambridge, he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics. Then came election to the Royal Society, and then, in 1687, the publication of his *Principia*.

Nervous breakdown followed: always, he was reluctant to publish (owing to his horror of controversy) and the ordeal of glory may have been too much. Academic seclusion began to pall on him; he desired activity in the outside world—in 1696 he became first Warden, then Master, of the Mint. Until his day, the practice of chipping or snipping the edges of shillings had been rampant: this simple means of making money go further he put a stop to by instituting the modern milled coin. He was to live on, in an unabated intellectual splendour, into Queen Anne's reign (Her Majesty declared herself lucky to be breathing the same air as so great a man), and the Augustan Age provided him with a number of worthy friendships. 1704 witnessed the publication of the *Opticks*, based upon his study of the prism.

He never married; the pretty niece who kept house for him attracted the sentimental attention of Dean Swift. That little dog Diamond, reputed to have ruined one of his manuscripts, never existed—unlike the apple. In 1727 his end was caused by the fatigues of a coach journey from London to the then lovely but too remote village of Kensington. "No Englishman of science, art or letters has, either before or since, received such extraordinary marks of respect upon his death."

(Continued on page 332)



THE COLLECTIONS

John French

Fashion Choice of the Week

WINDSMOOR'S pretty spring suit of fine grey worsted has a single button fastening with a jacket that flies open over an amusing white straw waistcoat. The softly tailored, loose-fitting jacket and narrow skirt struck us as typical of the line shown at many of the recent big dress shows in London and Paris. This model, which costs approximately £16, is stocked by Swan & Edgar. The white hat is an Aage Thaarup Teen and Twenty number

—MARIEL DEANS

Key Was Charm, Not Drama



THE excitement of the London and Paris dress shows is now over (writes Mariel Deans), and when drawings and photographs can be published next week the trend of fashion for six months ahead will be revealed to the fashion-conscious from Peebles to Pernambuco.

First, the twelve members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers showed collections of charming, wearable and well-bred clothes, with many examples of our acknowledged excellent English tailoring and a few lamentable instances of our less-good English dressmaking. We saw nice clothes, pretty clothes, dateless clothes that you can wear and enjoy for years to come, though we can't find it in our heart to call them wildly exciting.

John Cavanagh's "Pacific Palm" line, slim and high stemmed with wide, curving shoulders and much sleeve opulence, gave the basic silhouette to one of the best and most highly coloured collections. Ronald Paterson showed feminine and elegant clothes made in light, clear colours with beige predominating. His lasso neckline, that stands well away from the neck, runs right through this beautifully made "very Molyneux" collection.

WHILST most designers stressed wide-curved shoulders, Michael showed sleeves set in at the normal shoulder level, padded to give a certain squareness which was underlined by sailor collars, of which we were to see a lot more later in Paris. Elsewhere, designers showed much the clothes expected of them. Magnificent evening dresses from Hartnell, Worth and Michael Sherard, beautifully tailored tweeds from Hardy Amies and Digby Morton, and Stiebel's pretty-as-a-picture afternoon dresses and short dance frocks in charming floral prints.

Matti's clothes have a slender French elegance, Creed's, a directoire swagger. At Lachasse, Mr. Owen, a new designer, upholds this firm's reputation for classic tailoring with a fine collection of beautifully cut suits and dresses.

THE following week in Paris there were only two topics of conversation, the cold—15 deg. below zero centigrade—and Chanel's return, but her show at her old premises in the rue Cambon was an unhappy experience for many admirers.

There, in the unchanged surroundings of her heyday, to an enormous gathering of top-ranking fashion experts full of excited anticipation, the sad little collection was shown. After the intense publicity build-up, the fiasco was complete. An afternoon one will long remember with distress.

ELSEWHERE, the collections, whilst supplying no headlines, were a delight to watch. Dior's skirts, despite rumours to the contrary, are the same length as last season—about 16 in. off the floor. His influence shows in the slightly shorter skirts introduced by most other designers. Fath announces boldly a "Rupture with Nonchalance" and his closely corseted line is the prettiest thing in Paris—when worn by his lovely and elegant models. How it will fare up to the facts of life on less emaciated clients remains to be seen.

Everywhere we saw wide scooped-out necklines and skirts a little easier in cut than they have been for some time. In colour, navy blue has swept the board and there is a swing away from the over popular grey. All blues were in great evidence with much pink, oatmeal, white and, of course, black.

Next week we hope to show pictures from the collections that will amplify these stop-press notes.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

HAVE just recovered from a visit to E. at school. On such excursions we always start dimly regretting that just as one's children reach the age when their conversation becomes tolerably interesting, and when one can inculcate their grateful and receptive minds with one's own theories and prejudices, convention snatches them off for the greater part of the year, isolating them in rural fastnesses where they are intensively submitted to the theories and prejudices of others. Besides, at twelve or so start the last few years in which parents are admired instead of tolerated.

THAT is, according to theory. Not that we get much admiration on these visits, apart from the veil of exquisite manners which the school casts over its pupils in term-time. As E. greets us, surrounded by herds of other solemn little boys all being consciously unselfconscious about kissing their mothers, he is already muttering joyfully that it is a good thing we came—there are a few things he wants to buy in the town.



We are informed at lunch that he has really got a detention this afternoon for turning up at a Latin class equipped only with Maths textbooks, but that The Man let him put it off until next week—also did we know he had collided with another boy playing Rugger some days ago and had spent some time concussed in the Sick Bay having his temperature taken every hour?

As we recover from this, he goes on to state that it is his friend J.'s birthday next week, and that he must therefore buy three tins of sardines, a jar of honey, two tins of mock turtle soup and some brazil nuts, to be consumed at a feast directly after supper the following Tuesday. He must also buy equipment to install lighting in his book locker. When we mention that school lockers have existed up to now without this luxury, he demands, bridling indignantly, if we want him to go on getting detentions for picking up Maths books instead of Latin ones.

WE stay by the fire in the restaurant until the waitress pointedly comes and brushes crumbs off the tablecloth, and then emerge into the literally icy street to discuss plans. Obviously the purchases should be postponed as long as possible because of having to carry them about. But school rules forbid the cinema, as being a source of germs

(Continued on page 326)



WHAT THE LONDON VISITOR NEEDS

PHOTOGRAPHED in the Penthouse apartment at the Dorchester against backgrounds designed by Oliver Messel, we show this week a selection of suits and dresses, the sort of thing visitors to London need most for their daytime engagements. Simple, well-cut and very wearable, we feel that these models are representative of the clothes London does particularly well. The hats were kindly lent by Debenham & Freebody

"Barcarole" (above), this very lovely gunmetal grey and tan printed silk afternoon dress has a softly draped neckline, three-quarter-length sleeves and a narrow skirt which has a very full floating panel. A Marcus model, it is stocked by Marshall & Snelgrove's model gown department

Phyllis Taylor's navy blue wool crêpe afternoon dress on the opposite page has three-quarter-length sleeves and a pencil-slim skirt. Fullness over the shoulders gives added interest to the high princess bust-line. This dress, which is also made in fine grey worsted, comes from Lillywhites



CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

—we already know the museum and the picture gallery by heart—and have dipped into every hopeful-looking book in the second-hand bookshop. And E. hates walking.

We regretfully discard his suggestion that we should buy a pack of cards and play poker in the station waiting-room. There is no choice but to go ahead with the shopping, hoping that it will take a long time.

So we plunge into the maelstrom of a chain store on a Saturday afternoon, this being allowed because no doubt the germs choke to death by overfeeding. We wait, buffeted and shaken by the seething crowds, while E. discusses with the neat brunette behind the counter the exact type of bulb, battery, switch and wiring required to distinguish Latin from Maths in semi-darkness. All round us men



and women pathetically hold out bulbs and plugs and mutter "Miss! Miss!" while the assistant continues to chat cheerfully to E. of amps and volts. But at last she dismisses us with a parcel and a patronizing boys-will-be-boys smile, and we start on the tins for J.'s birthday feast and fill a hitherto unannounced void with lobster paste, oranges, hair tonic and Worcester sauce.

As we emerge, warm but gasping, it is still too early for tea. Halfway across the street E. announces that he is going to be a psychiatrist when he grows up. He goes on to say that this has created some discussion among his contemporaries, all of whom are going to be nuclear physicists or solicitors. None of them seem to think there's much money in psychiatry, but, says the child sententiously, what he always says is that it's whether you *like* your work that matters.

When we do arrive at the restaurant it is almost empty, and waitresses converge eagerly on us from every side, assuring us that the crumpets are particularly buttery this cold afternoon, and, with maternal smiles at our son, pressing large plates of squishy creamy cakes on the table. Fortunately E. is equal to this, so we relax over tea while he concentratedly takes in melted butter, synthetic cream, and finally a particularly chilly-looking green ice.

WITH about half an hour before our train leaves, E. discovers that he is in urgent need of treacle, broken biscuits and vanilla essence, the whole to be combined in an uncooked cake for the birthday feast . . .

Eventually we slump down in a railway carriage and meet the worn grin of another parent opposite. "Exhausting business, this visiting," he says in a sympathetic way, "trouble is it's so difficult to think of anything to talk about . . ."

- Diana Gillon





Peter Clark

Lady in Black's dark blue and white printed silk dress, on the opposite page, with skirt fullness drawn into a knot on one hip. It would be very useful for theatre occasions for which one is asked "not to dress," and will also make a good summer street dress. From Harvey Nichols -

LONDON VISITOR

Looking at a London landmark, this woman wears Deréta's pretty beige worsted suit with soutache embroidery on collar and pocket-flaps. This classically simple shape shows today's feeling for wide, rounded shoulders and a rather high-buttoning neckline. It comes from Dickins & Jones



Bucket bags for a party, in gold and silver, have attractive draw-strings in the silk lining, ensuring safety for your possessions. They can be bought from Swan & Edgar and cost 23s. 6d. each

SHOPPING

"WHAT'S NEW?"

"WHAT'S New?" is the feminine cry when it comes to shopping. Here in these pictures you will find a few answers to this exciting question, which we believe is of interest to most people

—JEAN CLELAND



A Portuguese pitcher jug decorated with raised white flowers makes an unusual ornament. It comes from Woollards and costs 52s. 6d.



Cabbage-leaf platter—also of Portuguese origin—can be used for many purposes. Price 59s. 6d., from Woollards

Extremely dainty is this organdie table-cloth in palest grey with napkins to match. From Harvey Nichols, price £14 14s.



A striped set for the dressing-table which is ideal for the "tidy minded," includes tissue holders at 30s. each, and cotton-wool holder, 12s. 6d. From Marshall & Snelgrove



Elizabeth Arden's latest contribution to feminine allure. A "Puff-Puff" which gives out a drift of Blue Grass dusting powder, price 6s. 9d., and a duet perfumier to carry in your handbag containing "Blue Grass" and "My Love." The latter is 18s. 6d.

Dennis Smith

BEAUTY

A TIME FOR ADVENTURE

COMING to the end of February is like turning a corner, and seeing in the distance a view of spring. A little way off as yet, but getting nearer and nearer. Each day brings fresh signposts—bulbs blooming in our rooms, snowdrops pushing through the brown earth in our gardens, daylight lengthening, gay hats appearing in the shop windows.

With this in our hearts comes a lilt like a song without words. Without knowing why, we suddenly feel gay. Pooh! to the chores. We are in the mood to frivol.

Let us then put off our wintry faces, and satisfy the impulse that lies within us all—deep down for some, and nearer the surface for others—to do something a little mad. Something adventurous and exciting, like making a change in our appearance. A short haircut for those whose hair is long; a chignon at the back for others who have been used to wearing it short. A fresh diet for a new outline. A different shade of make-up, a striking lipstick and a nail varnish to go with it.

WITH these thoughts in mind, I went—just before the close of the show-- to the Savoy Theatre, to see *Down Came A Blackbird*, the amusing comedy in which—for the benefit of those who did not see it—a young secretary, with an uncommonly large nose, goes to have it re-shaped for a new model of small and enchanting design. At the same time, she puts herself on a diet, slims her somewhat bulky figure to one of lissom grace, and has her long hair cut short and charmingly styled. In the space of six weeks she alters herself so completely that on her return her friends scarcely know her, and gasp when they find that their dear, comfortable, but by no means good-looking Norah has blossomed into a raving beauty.

Talking afterwards in her dressing-room with Betty Paul, who acted the part superbly, I found myself fascinated with her views on the subject of beauty.

HE believes that it takes more than external things to give a woman that indefinable something that makes for allure and attraction. This is something that springs from within. A woman with beautiful features may lack it, while a plain woman can have it so strongly that when she enters a room, she commands immediate attention. "You could see this," said Betty, "in the play. Even when I was transformed, I was still unsure of myself, whereas the older woman had the supreme confidence which was part of an intrinsic poise. What was natural to her was stiff as a new shoe to me."

Betty Paul, curled up on her sofa, told me an enchanting story of Edith Evans, who, one day before going on to the stage, was seen to be walking up and down, up and down, in a sort of dream. Asked what she was doing, she said: "I'm practising feeling beautiful." Anyone who saw her in the play *Daphne Laureola* would agree that the result was triumphant. She was beautiful.

So, at this exciting time of year, let us go all out for those things which engender confidence. Anything that presents a new angle may do it, for more than anything else, to be attractive is an attitude of mind. If we cannot be strictly beautiful, then let us be something else. The French have a word for it—"Jolie Laide."

—J. C.



Betty Paul as she appeared in the recent comedy *Down Came A Blackbird*

ENGAGEMENTS



Harlip

Miss Elizabeth Letitia Duncan, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. N. W. Duncan, of Lt. Governor's House, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, is to marry Mr. John C. B. Deverell, R.A., son of Major and Mrs. J. L. Deverell, of Natal, S.A.



Lenare

Miss Prudence Wykeham-Musgrave, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wykeham-Musgrave, of Bibury, Glos, is engaged to Mr. Angus Baillie-Hamilton, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. B. Baillie-Hamilton, of Callander, Perthshire



Fayer

Miss Pamela Frances Rooke, daughter of the late Major L. F. Rooke, K.O.S.B., and Mrs. Rooke, of Tilford, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. James Martin Haddon, son of the late Cdr. R. D. B. Haddon, R.N., and Mrs. Haddon, of Farnham, Surrey

**BRINTON—CONINGHAM**

At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Mr. Timothy Denis Brinton, son of Dr. and Mrs. Denis Brinton, of Frogmire, Hampstead, N.W.3, was married to Miss Jane-Mari Coningham, daughter of the late Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, and of Lady Coningham, of Chatsworth Court, Pembroke Road, W.8

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review

**HOLMES—YEOMANS**

Mr. Peter Geoffrey Holmes, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Holmes, of Wood Hall, Hethersett, Norwich, Norfolk, was married recently at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to Miss Diana Elizabeth Yeomans, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Yeomans, of Branston Hall, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire

**BOND—CROSSMAN**

Mr. Graham Forbes Bond, son of Major G. A. Bond, M.C., and Mrs. Bond, of Wantage, Berks, married Miss Georgina Mary Crossman, daughter of Mr. Peter Crossman, of Tetworth Hall, Sandy, Beds, and of Mrs. Monica Crossman, of Midgham Croft, Woolhampton, Berks, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**DAVIS—STENSON**

Capt. Harlan L. Davis, U.S.A.F. (Medical Corps), son of the Rev. C. K. Davis, D.D. and Mrs. Davis, of Elkins, West Virginia, U.S., and Miss Amanda Jane Stenson, only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Stenson, of Dukes Lodge, Holland Park, London, W.11, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

**GOOD—BRIDGEWATER**

Capt. D. A. Good, R.E., younger son of Capt. (S) F. J. Good, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Good, of Broad Leys, Haywards Heath, Sussex, married at St. Andrew's, Kingswood, Surrey, Miss E. J. Bridgewater, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bridgewater, of Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey



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Book Reviews—(Continuing from page 322)



DEIRDRE AND HER TWIN BROTHERS, two-and-a-half year old Patrick and Michael, were photographed at Kai Tak Airport. They are the children of Capt. J. F. Allen, R.E., and Mrs. Allen, at present living in Hongkong



WE WELCOME HERE family snapshots submitted by readers, which, we are confident, will have an appeal to a wider circle of friends. The Editor is always pleased to see further contributions



AN ADMIRAL'S GRANDSON. Michael Fairbairn, three, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fairbairn, daughter of Admiral Sir Maurice and Lady Mansergh



KEEPING GUARD at his home in the Mau Mau country is Nicholas Warren-Gash, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Warren-Gash, of Farran Estate, Kiambu, Kenya



YOUNG SAILORS, Charles and Timothy Dendy, were crewing their grandparents G/Capt. and Mrs. R. J. A. Ford. Their parents are Major and Mrs. R. H. Dendy

CITY-STAINED ROMANCE

IN LOVE, by Alfred Hayes (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), is, though painful, a little masterpiece. Decidedly it would be too much to claim for this novel that it is another *Adolphe*, yet somehow the author touches, as did Benjamin Constant, upon the strange tie between two human beings which may underlie what the world calls "an affair." On the face of it, here could be nothing more than a somewhat drab, fugitive New York idyll—another middle-aged man at a loose end, another girl on her own ('till he comes along) in a too-small flat in a too-big city.

It is he who, now it is all over, looks back and tells the story—and even while he talks is depressed by its similarity to so many others. Is this all over? Outwardly it is: those two are never to meet again—but somehow we feel they will ever be haunting each other's memories. This was no grand passion: indeed, far from it. Indecision and selfishness on his part, sentimentality and fecklessness on hers combined to keep the thing rather trivial—he is afraid to involve himself; she, in search of security is to end by leaving him for another man.

Yet throughout we perceive an intense pathos, of which the speaker himself seems hardly aware. For these two have felt for each other a stumbling, inarticulate kind of human love, which he has had little to do with love-making. They have held to each other like children lost in the dark, feeling despair as their grip loosens. We know the inside of the man's mind, we are left to guess at the girl's—yet by the end of the interlude she is known to us. The scene in the room in Atlantic City, with that outlook on the darkening autumnal sea, that desolated silence between the lovers, is as moving as any I know in fiction. The author's language, sometimes ruthless enough, may here or there jar upon the reader: perhaps it is on those very discords that Mr. Hayes relies for his main effect. He has, in my view, done what was worth doing: *In Love* should add to the reputation gained by *Girl On The Via Flaminia*.

★ ★ ★

WINE GROWING IN ENGLAND, by George Ordish (Hart-Davis, 7s. 6d.) is No. 3 in "The Countryman Library." Whether or not one contemplates embarking upon this enterprise, the book makes both sound sense and excellent reading. To begin with, Mr. Ordish obviously does know about wine—a subject which, as he says, a mystique surrounds: his attitude to it, I should say, is the Continental rather than the British, and he clears away, at the start, a good deal of nonsense. The growing of grapes for wine in England not only, he points out, is possible but was successfully carried on for centuries: he gives this statement historic background. The thing, we learn, started to go wrong when "instead of trying to establish English wines on their own merits, would-be vintners started to imitate foreign vintages."

In order to thrive the vine needs: (i) a dormant period, (ii) freedom from late spring frosts, (iii) sufficient light to grow during the summer, and (iv) sufficient autumn sun and heat to raise the sugar content and reduce the acid level in the fruit to an acceptable standard.

All can be had in England; right choice of site being, of course, the pre-essential. A chapter of the book gives directions for the making of wine, deals with the apparatus required, and has helpful drawings and diagrams.





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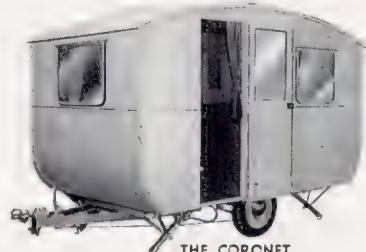
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ARGONAUT TROPHY

Second Round Surprises

THE Argonaut Football Trophy presented by The TATLER for competition among teams that normally do not take part in competitive football, has now reached an interesting stage. All the competing clubs must be congratulated on the splendid spirit in which the games are played and the high standard of football. So enjoyable have these encounters been that several clubs have arranged to meet again in friendly matches. Here are some brief notes on the Second Round matches.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE (CIRENCESTER), nil.
LONDON UNIVERSITY SIDONIANS, 5.

A strong wind made things difficult, but the University, always the best team, playing fast and open football, adapted themselves better to the conditions than the home club, and at the interval led by three clear goals, all scored by W. K. Bagley. In the second half Bagley, the schemer in chief, and P. Collins quickly added goals. The game, however, was not so one-sided as the score might suggest. The College had their chances but were faulty in finishing.

ARMY CRUSADERS, 3. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY FALCONS, 6.

The Falcons played the better football and thoroughly deserved their six goals to three victory over the Army Crusaders at Sandhurst in a game played under ideal conditions. The Crusaders scored first, but after R. Hill had equalized, it was Falcons all the way. After D. Howlett had added three more, they crossed over leading by four goals to one.

On the resumption the Crusaders rallied, and Major B. A. Gomm scored his second goal, but the initiative gradually moved back to the Falcons and when D. Brough scored, the game was more or less decided. There was still time for D. Miller, probably the outstanding player on the field, to score and for Gomm to complete a fine hat-trick.

CIVIL SERVICE WANDERERS, 2. OXFORD UNIVERSITY CENTAURS, nil.

The players on both sides rose above the handicap of a frozen pitch and gave a splendid exhibition of football. The Service scored mid-way through the opening half through C. Spittle, but were fortunate when a splendid shot by A. Keithley hit the bar with the goalkeeper out of position. Twelve minutes from the end of the game a mix-up in front of the Centaurs' goal gave Ron Shepherd the chance to make the issue safe for the cup-holders to pass into the next round.

The draw for the semi-finals which were due to be played by last Saturday resulted as follows:

CIVIL SERVICE WANDERERS v. LONDON UNIVERSITY SIDONIANS.
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY FALCONS v. R.A.F. TECHNICAL COLLEGE, HENLOW.



A SEA CADET CORPS for Rye and district was launched at a ball given at the George Hotel, Rye. The company included Capt. E. W. Bush, D.S.O. and two bars, D.S.C., R.N. (Sec.-Gen., Sea Cadets Council), Lt. J. D. Wylyson, R.N.V.R., the Mayor of Rye (Ald. D. A. Candler), the High Sheriff of Sussex (Capt. E. H. Wethey), the Mayor of Winchelsea (Mr. Anthony Freeman), Cdr. E. B. Tancock, D.S.C., R.N. (Area Commander, S.C.C.) and Lt. C. G. Bowerman, R.N.V.R. (commanding Rye unit).



TIVERTON XV.—Back row: C. N. Moore, H. Legg, D. Nicholls. Centre row: A. G. Rowe, F. Sampson, V. Carpenter, P. Ainsworth, W. Heard, B. Pope, J. Moore. Seated: H. Shapland, F. L. Cook, K. Holland (captain), E. Roberts, C. Rowe. In front: W. Moore, L. Williamson

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

TIVERTON

TIVERTON, the centre of a thriving agricultural district, lies in some of the most beautiful country in Devon, and the quaint old town through which the River Exe foams its way is little changed from the time when the Rugby Club was formed in 1880 and played its first match against Blundell's, the ancient school founded in the reign of King James I. Records exist of an earlier meeting between the school and a Tiverton club in 1867, when the game was played under the school rules, a variation of the generally recognized code of that time.

Most of the really distinguished Tiverton Rugby belongs to an earlier age when the club and Exeter were the premier clubs in Devon. Tiverton won the County Senior Cup in 1888, but while other Rugby clubs have gone ahead with the development of their particular district, it must be remembered that the population of Tiverton has not increased to any great extent during the intervening years.

BING among the few fortunate clubs that have never had ground difficulties, Tiverton's headquarters, since its inception over seventy years ago, has remained at the cricket field, now known as the Athletic Ground, centrally situated near the River Loman. Improvements in postwar years include stand accommodation and clubhouse.

The club possesses a rather unusual loving-cup, donated by an old member, and annually awarded to the member who has served the club most loyally during the season. It is called the Foundation Cup, and is presented by the president at the annual dinner with due ceremony.

OUTSTANDING among Tiverton men to represent Devon in the County Championship is T. S. Kelly, who later when with Exeter was awarded twelve international caps, and in more recent times W. A. G. Douglas and B. R. Homer.

One of the most important activities of the club in postwar years is the development of the Colts Fifteen, which should in the course of time provide Tiverton with valuable recruits to the senior sides.

No record of the club would be complete without reference to long-serving officials in J. C. Vickery, secretary for many years and largely responsible for keeping the club active during the difficult period of the last war, T. E. Mortimore, the chairman, another veteran administrator, and the present officials, F. L. Cook, secretary, and B. Garland, the custodian of the club's funds. Sir John Amory, Bt., is the honoured president.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

JUST over a year ago Vaughan Williams's "Sinfonia Antarctica" was given its first performance by the Hallé Orchestra, under Sir John Barbirolli, in Manchester. Many will remember the fine incidental music Vaughan Williams composed for the film *Scott Of The Antarctic*, and he admits that this, his seventh symphony, was inspired by his association with this epic film. Now it is available on a Long Play recording, played by the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir John, with a section of the Hallé Choir, under choirmaster Herbert Bardgett, the soloist being Margaret Ritchie.

There are five movements, each based upon distinct sections of the film score, and the composer has introduced vibraphone, xylophone, glockenspiel, celeste, organ and piano, as well as a chorus of women's voices, a small choir, and a soprano solo, all used with a definite purpose. Here then is a most moving work, recorded and presented in the best possible way. All praise is due to the Hallé and Barbirolli for the sensitive performance given, and once again Margaret Ritchie shows, in the wordless solo she sings, the full charm of her very beautiful voice. There may be some who will find minor faults in the way this work has been recorded; believe me such faults are so minor as to be insignificant. (H.M.V. ALP. 1102.)

Robert Tredinnick

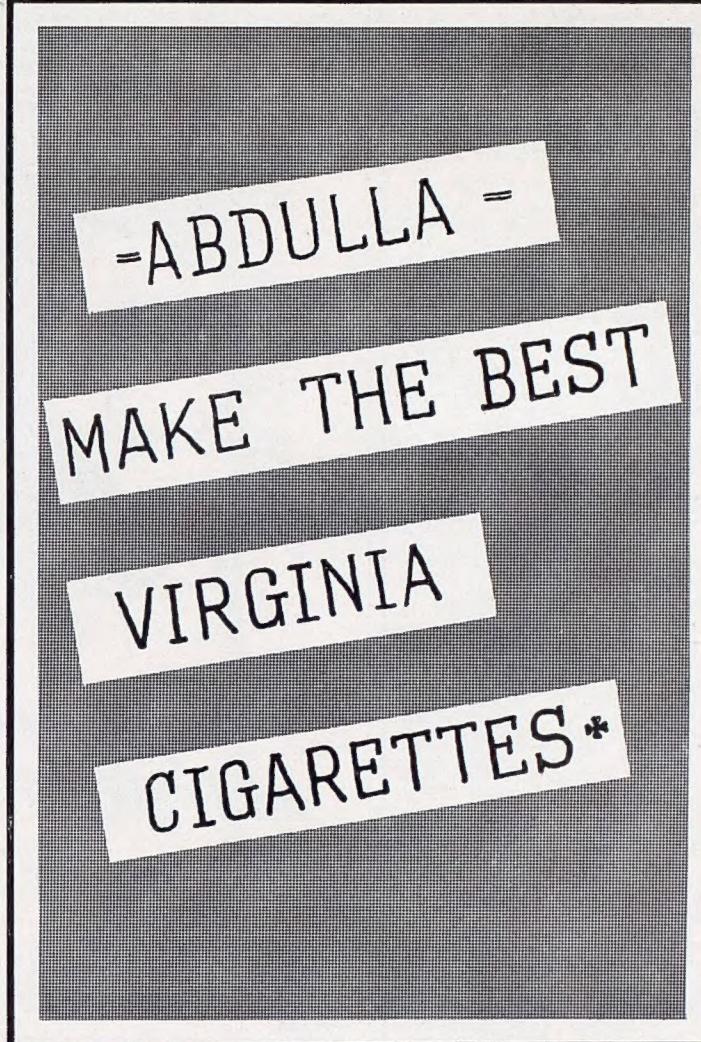
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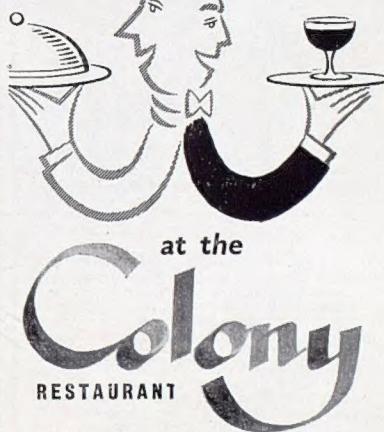
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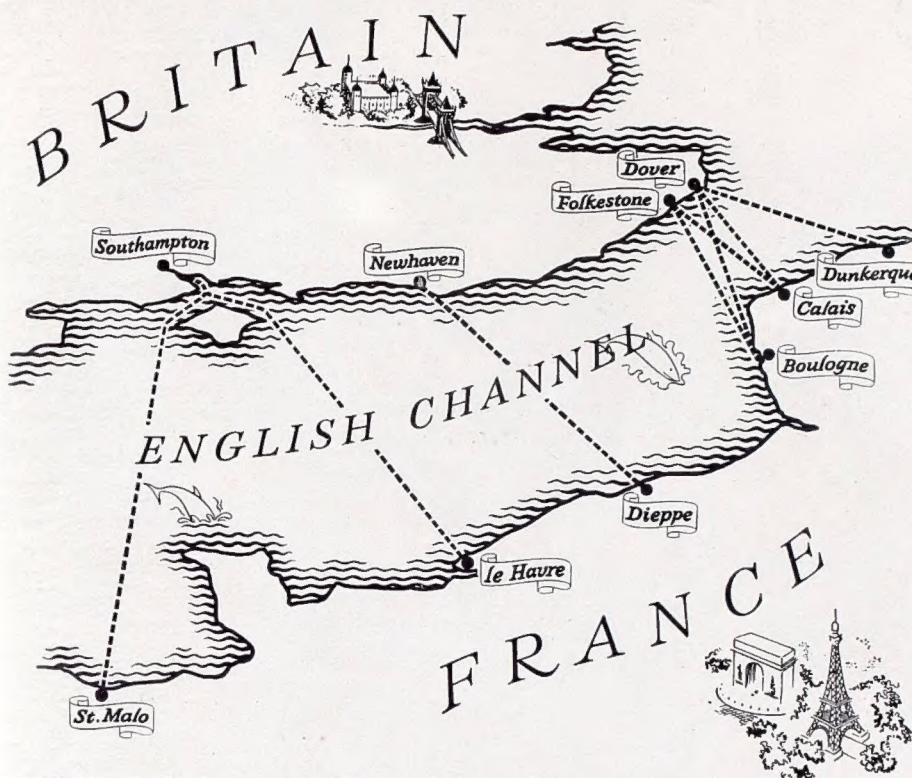
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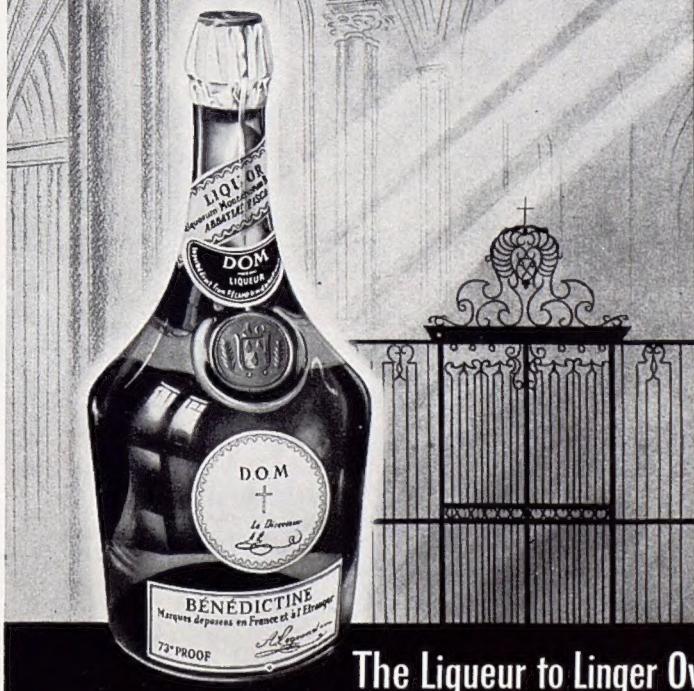
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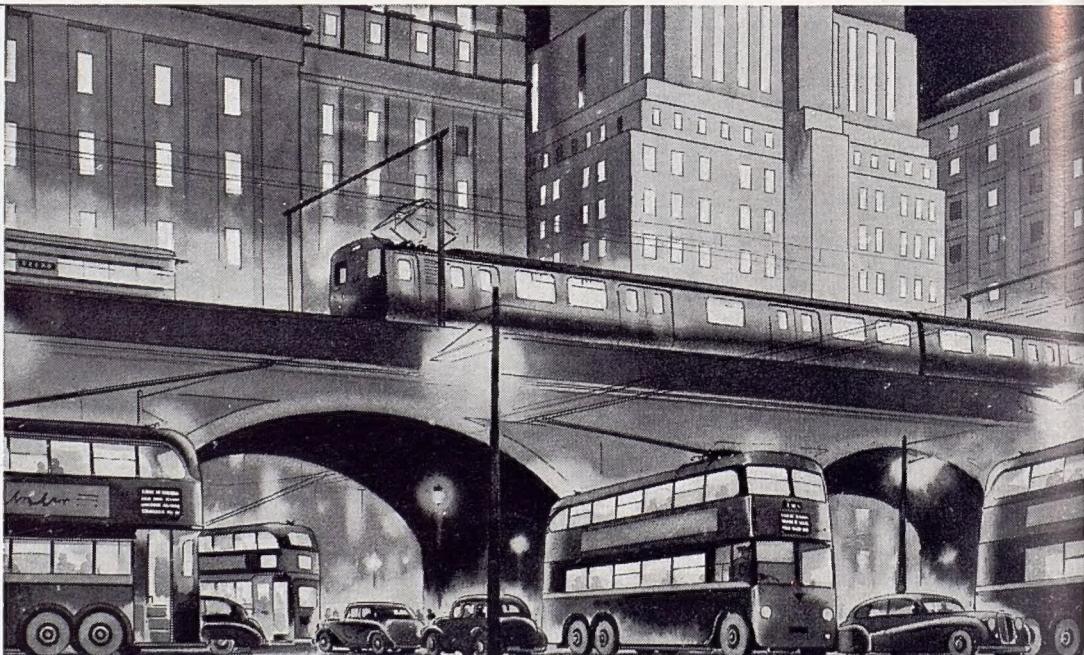
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